

NO. 40

# PEEP



The SHIELD

JULY

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!

10¢



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# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## BULLETIN NO. 19

Members of the Shield G-Man Club:

Thousands of you have written in giving us *two* constant suggestions.  
One—An organized pen-pal club so that all you Shield G-Men could keep in touch with each other through the mails.

Two—A Shield G-Man code.

They're both grand ideas. But we're going to go you one better.

*We're going to start a pen-pal club in code!!*  
Here's the way it'll work. We'll give each letter in the alphabet a number. For instance: A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4 and so on. But we'll mix in the letters of the alphabet in our code in this way. Code for CAT would be 3 (A T) or (C A) 20. The letters of the alphabet are always put in parenthesis. So far, it's very simple. But now we have a *real G-Man trick* that's right from our own files.

*We'll write our messages backwards!*  
For instance, if we want to write CAT in code we'll do it this way: 20 (A C) = TAC which is really CAT written backward. Pretty nice, huh?

Now here's how the pen-pal page fits into the picture.  
Dusty and I are going to give you some names in code. We want you members to figure out the name and address—and write to them!

We also want the ones who receive these letters to write to us. That way we'll know whether our code has caught on.

Here's a sample name and address to make our code clearer. Supposing I asked you to write to:

(N) 1-12 (A) . . . 14-1-25 (R)

Decoded this would read: NALA NAYR. Now just turn each word completely around—and the name becomes: ALAN RYAN.

Okay, that should be clear enough. Now we'll list a few names and addresses for you Shield G-Man club members to write to. Write them nice, friendly letters introducing yourselves—and sign your names in code.

15-18 (A) 13 . . . (Y) 18-21 (M)

450 North Cicero Avenue

Chicago, Ill.

(NOTE: The 450 is not written in code. It is the actual address of the member you are going to write to.)

And here's a second name:

2-15 (B) . . . (R) 5-12 (L) 9-13

155 Baltimore Street

Dayton, Ohio

(NOTE: The 155 is not written in code.)

Okay, Pals! Now go to it.

*Sincerely  
Joe Higgins*

## USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins  
Room 315  
60 Hudson St.  
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AGE .....

CUT ON THIS LINE

THE ORIGINAL

# SHIELD

AND

# DUSTY

the BOY DETECTIVE

*Introducing*  
**MONSTRO**  
THE MONSTER FROM MARS

THE SHIELD TUNED ON HIS RADIO AND WENT SLAM-BANG INTO HIS CRAZIEST ADVENTURE! WE THINK ALL OF YOU WILL LIKE IT! WE KNOW ALL OF YOU WILL BE **SHOCKED!** SO STEP RIGHT UP AND MEET **MONSTRO THE MONSTER FROM MARS!**



IRV NOVICK

BOY, IT'S GOOD TO RELAX FOR A CHANGE! GEE IF YOU CAN GET SOME NICE SOFT MUSIC, LIKE A GOOD SCOUT, DUSTY!!

OKAY, BUT JUST FOR YOU! I LIKE MY MUSIC NICE AND HOT!

AWWRK... MARS CALLING EARTH...  
AWWRK... ONE OF OUR PEOPLE IS ON HIS WAY TO YOUR PLANET.  
AWWRK... THIS IS NO INVASION... QUITE ACCIDENTAL!..

IS THAT MAN HERE, AGAIN?

THE BROADCAST IS RECEIVED WITH VARIOUS REACTIONS!!

HOLY MACKERAL, MABEL DID YA HEAR DAT?... GEE WHIZ, AFTER WORKING IN A WAR PLANT ALL DAY, A GUY EXPECTS SOME P'N NEW! INSTEAD WE GET THE SAME OLD GAG!!

REALLY, THAT ORSON WELLS IS BECOMING A FRIGHTFUL BORE, DON'T YOU THINK??

OH, YES, QUITE, QUITE!

LATER THAT EVENING...

THIS INACTIVITY IS KILLING ME! HOW ABOUT TAKING IN A MOVIE? THERE IS A SWELL PICTURE PLAYING IN THE STRAND!

HO, HUM! OKAY... GET MY JACKET LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!

JUST THEN, ON ONE OF THE CITY'S STREETS.

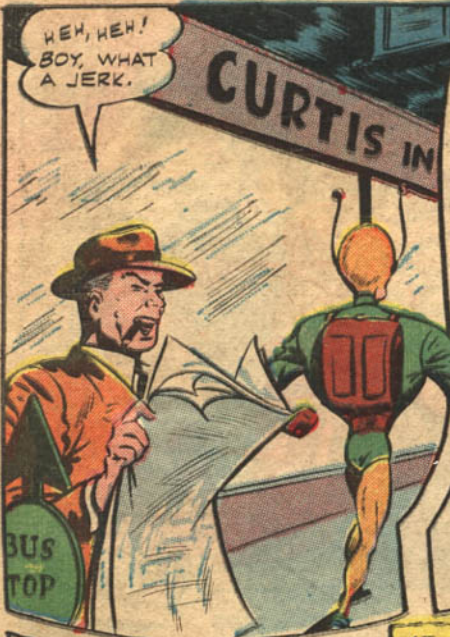
PARDON ME SIR, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME, WHAT CITY THIS IS ???

ARE YOU KIDDIN' ?? EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THIS IS BROOKHATTAN!

THANKS!

OH, YOU'RE WELCOME, I'M SURE!

BUS STOP



HEH, HEH!  
BOY, WHAT  
A JERK.

CURTIS IN

BUS  
STOP



HOLY CROCKEY!  
WHAT WAS THAT?

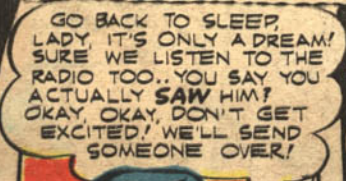


I'VE LEARNED  
MY LESSON!!



I'M OFF  
THE STUFF  
FOR LIFE!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..



GO BACK TO SLEEP,  
LADY, IT'S ONLY A DREAM!  
SURE WE LISTEN TO THE  
RADIO TOO.. YOU SAY YOU  
ACTUALLY **SAW** HIM?  
OKAY, OKAY, DON'T GET  
EXCITED! WE'LL SEND  
SOMEONE OVER!



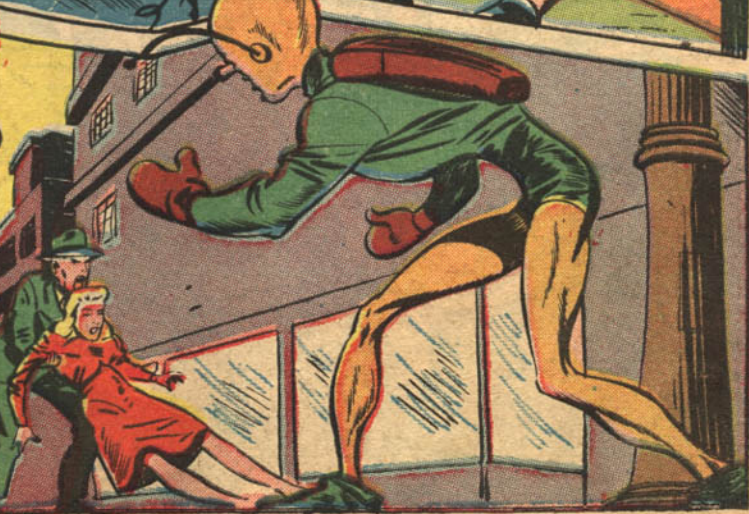
YOU TWO BOYS  
GO DOWN TO VINE AND  
MAIN STS, AND LOOK INTO  
THIS, OTHERWISE THAT  
LADY MAY CAUSE  
TROUBLE! IF YOU  
FIND HIM, BRING HIM  
BACK FOR A GAME  
OF PINOCHLE!

OKAY,  
SARGE!

BUT AS THE PATROLMEN  
ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION..



SAINTS  
BE  
PRAISED!



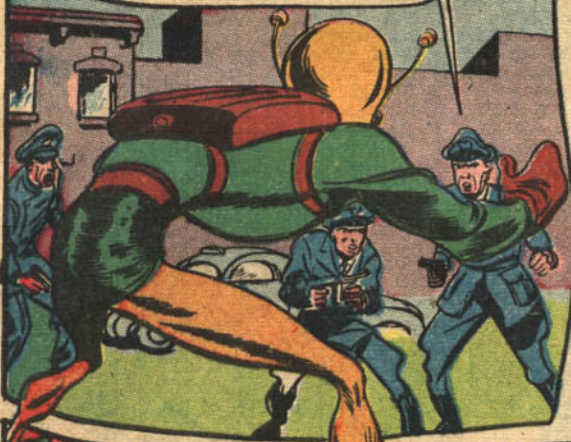
FLAHERTY- PHONE FOR  
THE RIOT SQUAD--- I'LL  
KEEP AN EYE ON IT!  
MAY HEAVEN HAVE  
MERCY ON ME SOUL!



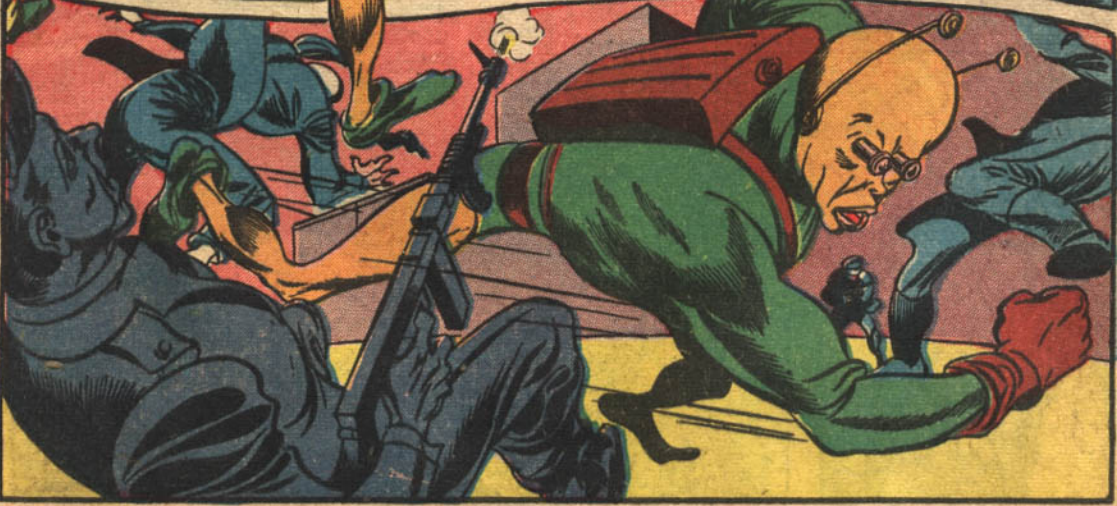
WHEEE



WE GOT 'IM  
SURROUNDED! CAREFUL!  
NOW, HE MAY BE A KILLER!

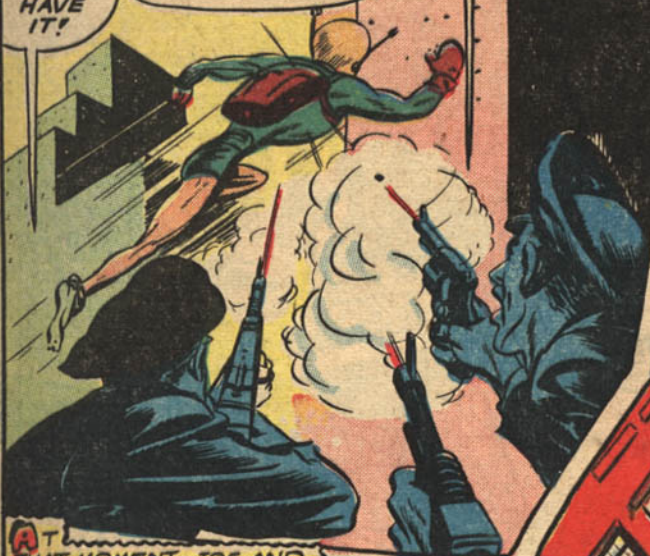


CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES  
WITH THAT CREATURE! I'M  
GONNA GIVE 'IM A COUPLA  
BURSTS-- HERE GOES!



HE'S GETTIN' AWAY! LET HIM HAVE IT!

GLORY BE!...THE BULLETS ARE BOUNCIN' OFF HIS BODY LIKE HE WAS MADE OF METAL!



AT THAT MOMENT, JOE AND DUSTY COMING FROM THE MOVIES SEE--

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT, OFFICER?

LOOK UP ON THE ROOF AN' SEE FOR YER-SELF, HIGGINS!

IT'S A MARTIAN INVASION - THAT'S WHAT! AN' THAT GOON'S THE VANGUARD!

JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT!



SECONDS LATER IN AN UNSEEN ALLEY--

THE SHIELD'S NOT GOING AFTER THAT THING?

WITHOUT ME, YOU AREN'T!

DUSTY, THIS MAY MEAN SURE DEATH! THERE'S NO TELL'ING HOW POWERFUL THAT CREATURE IS!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES ALONG WITH YOU, SHIELD!





HE'S SOMEWHERE ON THIS ROOF!  
YOU TAKE ONE END, AND I'LL TAKE  
THE OTHER ---AND FOR THE LOVE OF  
HEAVEN - DON'T TRY TO HANDLE  
HIM ALONE!

OH, OH... THE SHIELD  
SAID TO YELL IF I  
SPOTTED HIM...

SHIELD! RIGHT  
OVER HERE!  
I GOT  
HIM!

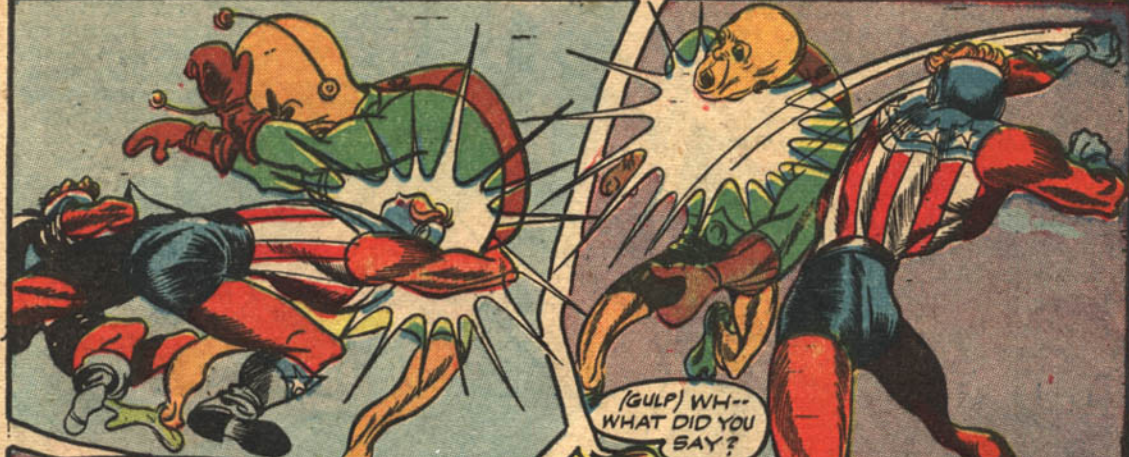
WHA....

I'M COMING DUSTY!  
JEHOSEPAT! DUSTY'S  
OUT COLD!

AND THAT  
MONSTER IS GO-  
ING TO TOSS HIM  
TO CERTAIN DEATH!

SHIELD!  
HELP!





(GULP) WH-- WHAT DID YOU SAY?

C'MON! GET UP AND FIGHT YOU OVERGROWN GREMLIN!

P--PLEASE DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!

I SAID PLEASE DON'T HURT ME! WHY DOES EVERYBODY WANT TO HURT ME?



B-- BUT YOU IN-- INVADED US FROM MARS, DIDN'T YOU? AND...

OF COURSE I'M FROM MARS! BUT I DIDN'T INVADE!.. GOODNESS ME, I COULDN'T AFFORD TO INVADE ANYTHING NOT WITH MY BLOOD PRESSURE!

I CAME HERE QUITE ACCIDENTALLY, I ASSURE YOU! GOT MIXED UP WITH ONE OF THOSE SPACE-ROCKET DOODADS OUR SCIENTISTS ARE ALWAYS FOOLING WITH!

BUT ALL THIS EXCITEMENT OVER ME! OH DEAR I'M ALL UNSTRUNG! I JUST KNOW I'LL HAVE A RELAPSE FROM THAT NERVOUS BREAKDOWN I HAD LAST YEAR!

I'LL BE--- A TIMID MARTIAN!



SAY! HOW DO YOU KNOW OUR LANGUAGE, ANYWAY?

WHY, THAT'S QUITE SIMPLE! I'M READING YOUR MIND! WE MARTIANS CAN DO A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN THAT! WE ALSO HAVE X-RAY VISION!

SAVINGS BANK

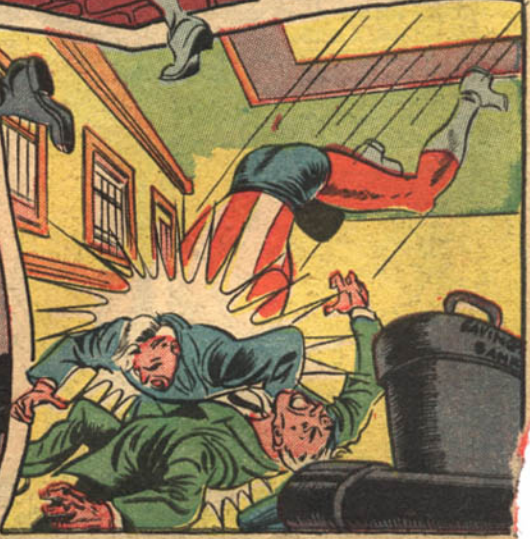
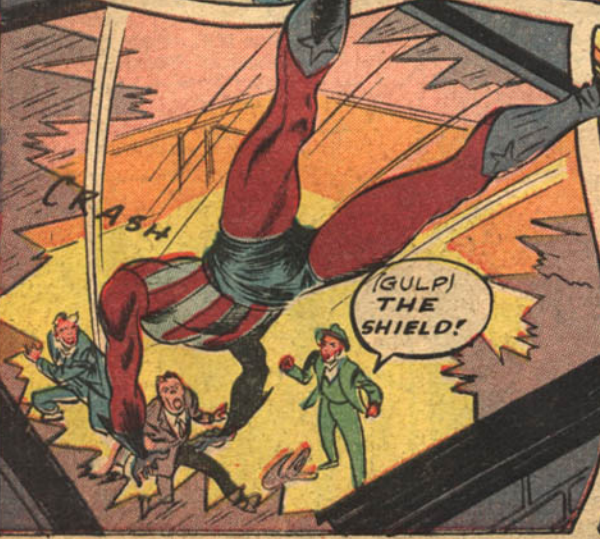
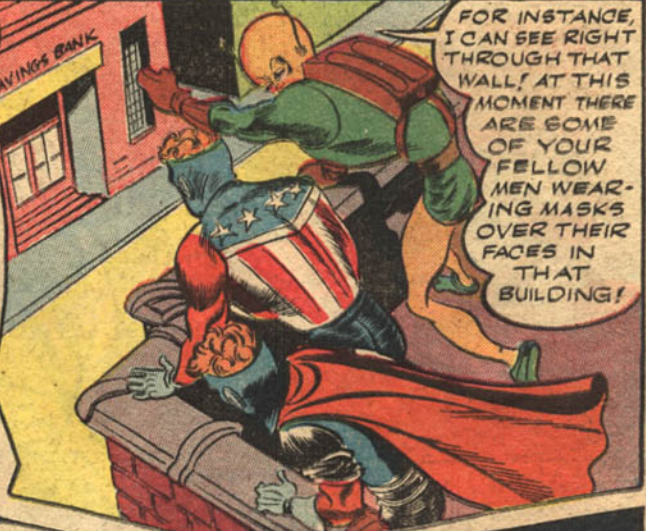
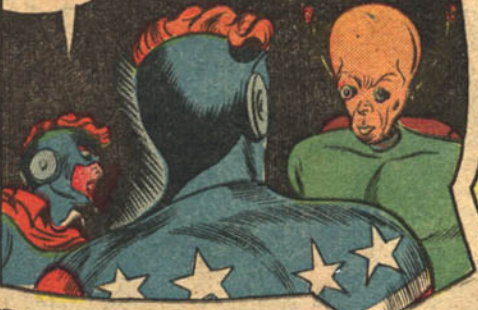
FOR INSTANCE, I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH THAT WALL! AT THIS MOMENT THERE ARE SOME OF YOUR FELLOW MEN WEARING MASKS OVER THEIR FACES IN THAT BUILDING!

MASKS OVER THEIR FACES! YOU KEEP AN EYE ON--ON--

MONSTRO IS MY NAME! I'M PLEASSED TO MEET YOU, I'M SURE!

I'M GOING OVER AND INVESTIGATE!

OUT OFF MY HAIR AND CALL ME BALDY! MONSTRO WAS RIGHT--! ROBBERS!



CRASH

(GULP) THE SHIELD!

SAVINGS BANK



SPLAT



WHAM



HELLO, POLICE! I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF BOYS AT THE FEDERAL BANK WHO CAME TO MAKE A WITHDRAWAL AFTER THE BANK HAD CLOSED!



WELL, DUSTY, MONSTRO KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT!  
YOU MEAN HE ACTUALLY SAW CROOKS THROUGH THE BRICK WALL!



WHY, OF COURSE I DID! AND NOW GOOD BYE, GENTLEMEN!  
JUST A MINUTE MONSTRO! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING US, YET!



WE CAN'T LET YOU GO PROMENADING AROUND THE STREETS! YOU'D CAUSE RIOTS! YOU'RE COMING DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION WITH US!  
PLEASE DON'T TAKE ME TO THOSE HORRID PEOPLE! THEY FRIGHTEN ME! WHY THEY'RE EVEN LIABLE TO SHOOT AT ME AGAIN!

HERE YOU ARE CAPTAIN! WE BROUGHT YOU THE MARTIAN! HE'S YOUR HEAD-ACHE, NOW!

YOU MEAN THAT GUY! HE DON'T LOOK LIKE A MARTIAN TO ME!

WE JUST DISGUISED HIM TO AVOID TROUBLE! I'LL JUST TAKE OFF THIS GOAT AND--

PRESTO-MONSTRO, THE MAGICIAN!

ARE YOU GUYS TRYIN TO BE FUNNY? WHAT MARTIAN?

HOLY CROCK-EYE! HOW DID YOU GET INTO THOSE CLOTHES? I HAD THE MARTIAN IN THERE! HE COULDN'T HAVE GIVEN US THE SLIP!

LOOK, SHIELD, AREN'T WE HAVING ENOUGH TROUBLE TRYIN' TO TRACK DOWN THAT MARTIAN WITHOUT YOU PLAYIN' PRACTICAL JOKES!

I CAN'T FIGURE IT! I HAD MY EYE ON HIM ALL THE WAY!

IT'S OUTTA THIS WORLD, THAT'S WHAT!


BUT-- BUT--

ER-- PARDON ME, SHIELD--

HERE I AM!


GO WHAT! GO AWAY, WILL YOU?

UNION



WAIT A MINUTE! JUST HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE MARTIAN, ANYWAY?

WHY I'M MONSTRO! OH, I FORGOT-- MY DISGUISE! WAIT A MINUTE! I'LL SHOW YOU!



SEE! I CAN CHANGE MYSELF INTO ANY FORM I WANT! I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THE POLICE!

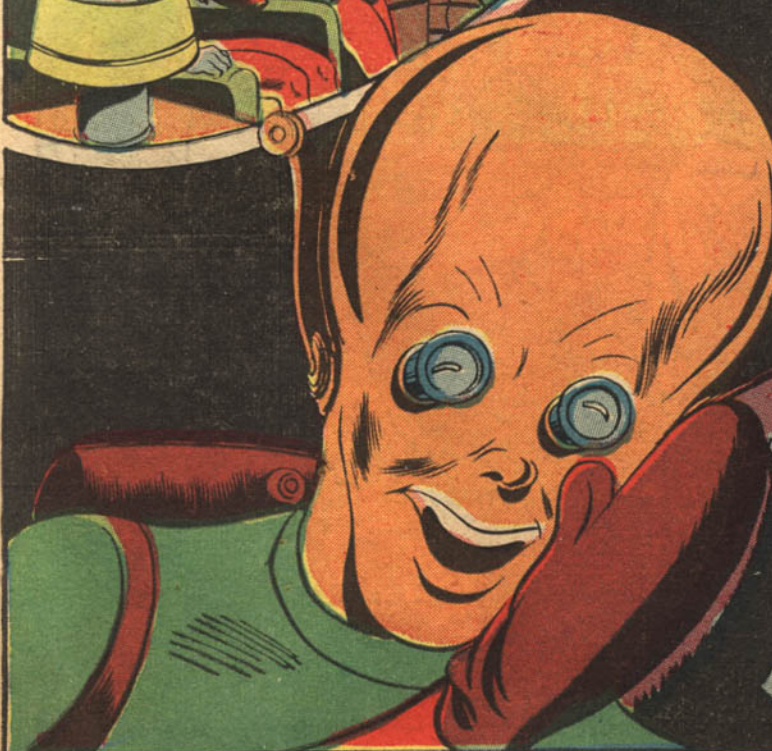
HOLY JOB! CHANGE RIGHT BACK AGAIN, WILL YOU! BEFORE SOMEBODY SPOTS YOU!

LATER IN THE SHIELD'S APARTMENT--

HMM--

HMM--

HEH, HEH!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT BOYS! I CAN READ YOUR MINDS! YOU'RE WONDERING HOW YOU CAN SEND ME BACK TO MARS! BUT I'M NOT GOING BACK! I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN ALL MY LIFE! I LIKE IT HERE! SO I'M STICKING AROUND!

TALK ABOUT EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS! WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GUY LIKE MONSTRO! HAVING HIM AROUND IS LIKE TAKING A BATH IN THE STREET! BUT THAT'S THE SHIELD'S AND DUSTY'S WORRY-- AND THEY'VE GOT PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN IN AUGUST PEP! BE SEEING YOU!

# THE HANGMAN



BY  
BOB  
FUE

Dear Reader,  
At last I am able  
to release my most  
fantastic adventure.  
The case of the  
"Singing Corpse"  
Bulwer is a full ex-  
planation for readers  
The release of this ad-  
venture for one month.  
Yours  
The Hangman

FOR A LONG TIME, HERBERT COOK, THE SINGING CORPSE, WAS THOUGHT TO BE A SUICIDE! ONLY THE HANGMAN THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY! IN THIS ADVENTURE HE FOLLOWED THROUGH HIS HUNCH OF MURDER, SUCCEEDED IN TRAILING THE KILLER DOWN AN EXTORTING A CONFESSION! HOWEVER THE MURDERER DENIED THIS CONFESSION ON THE TRIAL STAND, AND I THE EDITOR WAS FORCED TO WITHOLD PUBLISHING! THIS TALE UNTIL A JURY PRONOUNED A SENTENCE OF GUILTY! THE MURDERER WAS SENTENCED TO BE HANGED!  
Harry Shotta

IN BOB DIKERING'S APARTMENT--  
IN JUST A MOMENT LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN, WE SHALL  
PLAY A RECORDING OF HERB  
COOK'S LAST SONG!



HERB COOK? ISN'T HE  
THE RADIO SINGER, WHO  
RECENTLY COMMITTED  
SUICIDE!



THAT'S RIGHT!  
ALTHOUGH, NO-  
BODY KNOWS  
JUST WHY!

AT THE RADIO STATION--

PSST---BOB!  
A CALL JUST  
CAME IN FOR  
YOU!

WHAT? OH,  
OKAY!



IT'S FROM HERB  
COOK'S SISTER,  
ROSALIND!  
HERE, I WROTE  
IT OUT!

THANKS!



SILENTLY, A MURDEROUS FIGURE ENTERS  
THE SOUND BOOTH, INTENT UPON A  
HORRIBLE TASK---



AND AS SOON AS THE ANNOUNCER  
LEAVES---



NEXT-- THE  
ANNOUNCER--

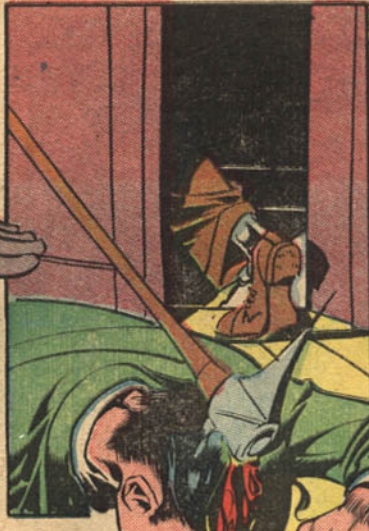




THE MURDERER GOES THROUGH THE RECORDS, TAKING THE LAST RECORD LABELLED COOK--

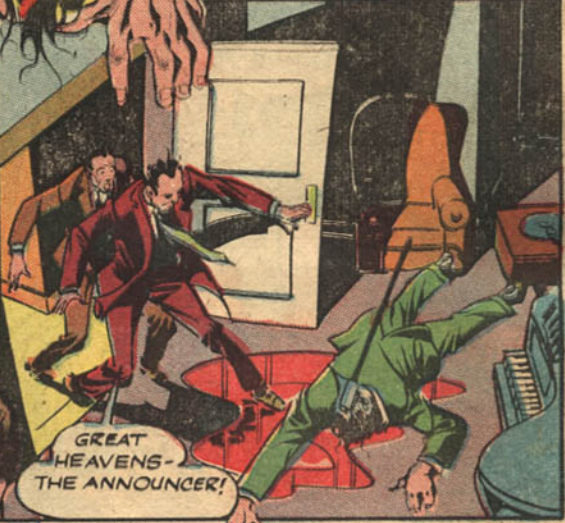


IN THE LISTENING ROOM OF THE STATION--



WHAT'S WRONG IN STUDIO B? THE PROGRAM STOPPED AND THEY STILL HAVE HALF AN HOUR! YOU SHOULD FIRE THAT ANNOUNCER! IT'S A DISGRACE!

PHILLIPS! SOMETHING HAPPENED IN STUDIO B! THE SPECIAL RECORDED SONG OF THAT CHAP YOU MANAGE, HERB COOK, HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED! HE'S A JINX! FIRST HE COMMITS SUICIDE AND NOW THIS PROGRAM HAS GONE WRONG! COME ALONG WITH US!



GREAT HEAVENS-- THE ANNOUNCER!

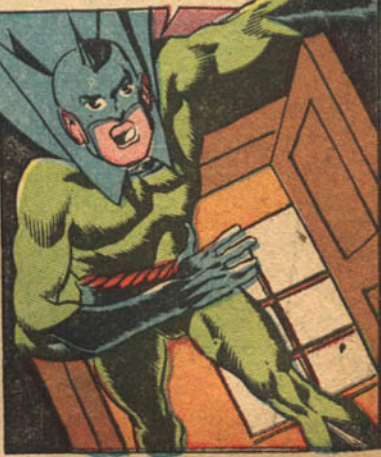
AND OUR CONTROL MAN--- ALSO MURDERED!



THELMA, DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR--MURDER!



THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO THAT STUDIO AND DO SOME INVESTIGATING!



A SHORT WHILE LATER ---

UGH--WHAT BUTCHERY! NO, BUT HAVE THE POLICE ARRIVED YET? THEY SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



SAY-- I HEARD THE ANNOUNCER MENTION A HERB COOK RECORD, BUT IT ISN'T HERE!



OH, HELLO! MIND IF I BUTT IN ON YOUR CASE?

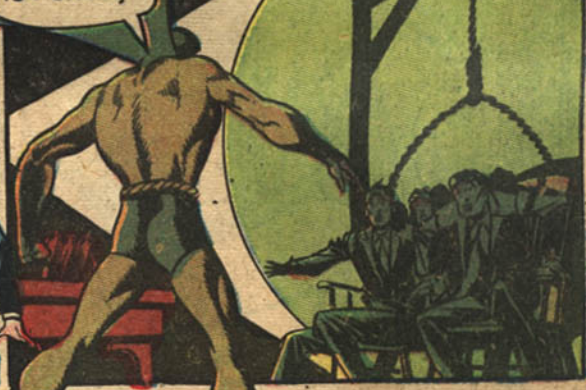
HANGMAN, THE ONLY ONE WHO MINDS ARE THE CROOKS--NEVER THE COPS!



CHIEF, ONE OF OUR MEN JUST FOUND BEHIND THE TERRACE SHRUBBERY A HERB COOK RECORDING! MUSTA BEEN DROPPED BY ACCIDENT!



IT WAS NO ACCIDENT! THAT RECORD WAS DELIBERATELY TOSSED AWAY BY THE MURDERER-- AND THAT MURDERER MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONE OF YOU! PLAY THAT RECORD, WILL YOU CHIEF?



"THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE SADDLE AND BLOOD ON THE GROUND --- AND A GREAT BIG PUDDLE OF BLOOD ALL AROUND! A COWBOY LAY IN IT COVERED WITH GORE HE'LL NOT BE RIDING HIS BRONC ANYMORE!"



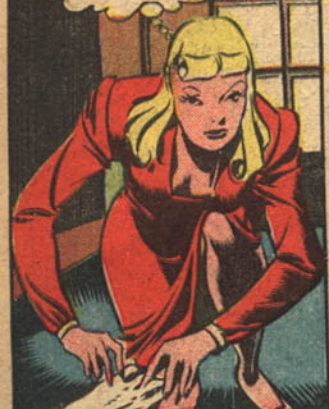
SAY THAT WASN'T HERB'S LAST RECORDING! WEVE HAD THAT ONE AROUND FOR QUITE A WHILE! --- THERE'S STILL A RECORD MISSING!



MEANWHILE, THELMA, WHO HAS EDGED HER WAY INTO THE STUDIO UNSEEN, BENDS OVER ONE OF THE CORPSES AS HER EYE SPOTS SOMETHING ---



A NOTE--MIGHT BE A CLUE--  
I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK AT  
IT BEFORE I SHOW IT TO  
THE POLICE!

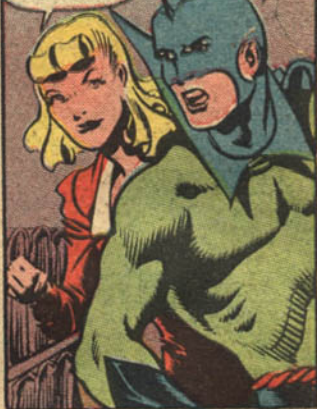


HEY, THERE, MISS GORDON,  
HOW'D YOU GET IN  
HERE? NO REPORTERS  
ALLOWED YET,  
SO SCRAM!



BUT--BUT, I  
FOUND SOME-  
THING-- OH,  
ALL RIGHT,  
I'LL GO!

HANGMAN, STAND  
BY FOR A PHONE  
CALL IN A FEW  
MINUTES!  
HUH?



I'LL PHONE THE HANGMAN  
FROM HERE!



HELLO - HANGMAN? THE POLICE WOULDN'T  
GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TELL THEM--  
BUT I FOUND A CLUE TO THAT  
MISSING RECORD! I'LL READ  
IT TO YOU!



IT'S FROM HERB COOK'S SISTER; IT  
SAYS THAT SHE MADE A MISTAKE!  
SHE DIDN'T SEND THEM HER  
BROTHER'S LAST  
RECORD!



OOHHH!



THELMA! THELMA! WHAT'S  
WRONG?





THE MURDERER MUST HAVE SEEN HER PICK UP THE NOTE!



I HOPE I GET THERE IN TIME!



OH, MY HEAD!

THELMA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHO HIT YOU?



I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM, HANGMAN! BUT DID THAT NOTE EXPLAIN ANYTHING?



PLENTY!--THE MURDERER IS DESPERATELY ANXIOUS TO GET COOK'S LAST RECORD, AND HE KNOWS BY NOW THAT COOK'S SISTER HAS IT! YOU PHONE COOK'S SISTER AND WARN HER!




I ONLY HOPE I CAN GET THERE IN TIME TO PREVENT HIM FROM DOING ANYTHING!




OH, HELLO, DEAR! WHY, YES, I HAVE THE RECORD!--OH, EXCUSE ME, THE PHONE!




YES, ROSALIND COOK, BREAKING! WHAT? I'M IN TERRIBLE DANGER, YES SOMEBODY DID JUST ARRIVE---



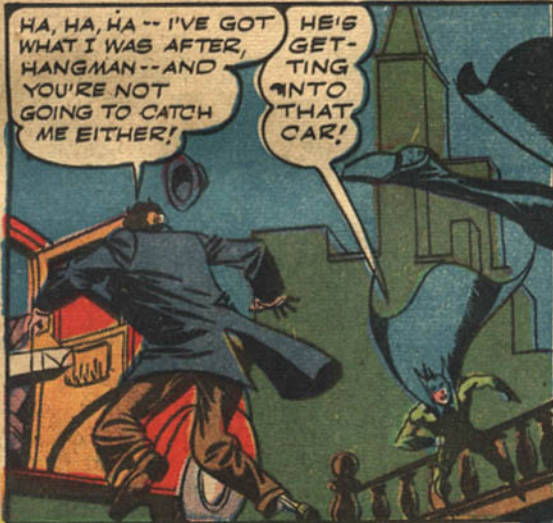
MY FIANCE! -- WE'VE BEEN SECRETLY ENGAGED FOR QUITE A WHILE!



HIS NAME IS ---  
**AAHHGT!**



I'M TOO LATE! THERE GOES THE MURDERER -- AND HE'S GOT THE RECORD! BUT I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!

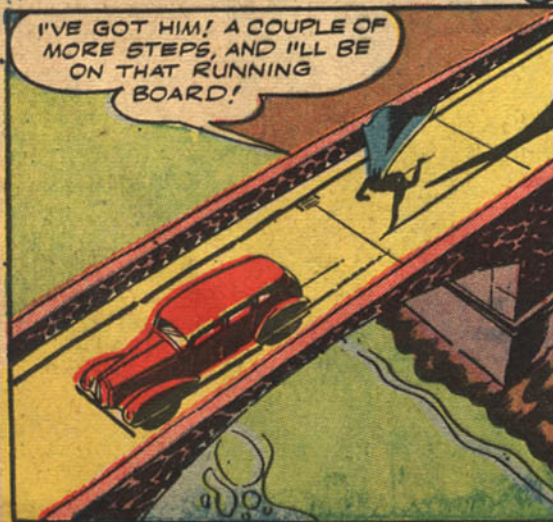


HA, HA, HA -- I'VE GOT WHAT I WAS AFTER, HANGMAN -- AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CATCH ME EITHER!

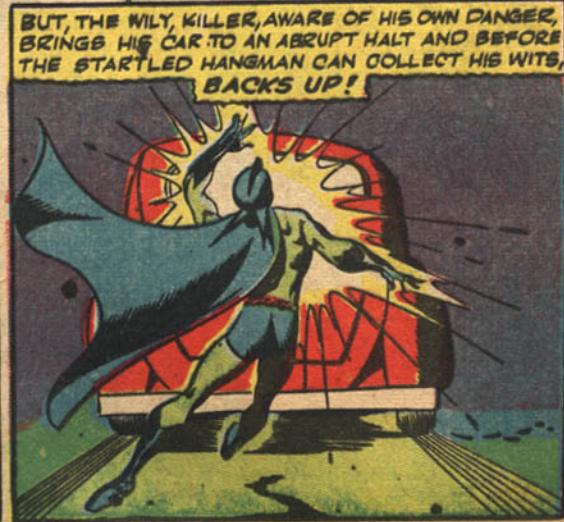
HE'S GETTING INTO THAT CAR!



THERE'S JUST A CHANCE I CAN OVER-TAKE HIM BEFORE HIS CAR CAN PICK UP ENOUGH SPEED!



I'VE GOT HIM! A COUPLE OF MORE STEPS, AND I'LL BE ON THAT RUNNING BOARD!



BUT, THE WILY, KILLER, AWARE OF HIS OWN DANGER, BRINGS HIS CAR TO AN ABRUPT HALT AND BEFORE THE STARTLED HANGMAN CAN COLLECT HIS WITS, **BACKS UP!**

MY TRICK WORKED! HE  
KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT, NOW TO  
GET RID OF HIM AND THE RECORD!



G\*\*!@!★ THE RECORD SLIPPED!  
NO MATTER--- THE HANGMAN'S  
DONE FOR ANYWAY!



BUT THE HANGMAN IS FAR FROM DONE FOR!

IT'S SO DARK, I CAN'T SEE WHICH WAY TO  
SWIM FOR SHORE! WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS  
LIKE THE PACKAGE THAT KILLER WAS  
CARRYING!-- UNLESS HELP COMES  
SOON, THIS EVIDENCE'LL NEVER  
DO ME ANY GOOD!



A BOAT! HELP!  
AHOY THERE!



BILLOWIN' BILGE-  
WATER! IT'S  
THE HANGMAN!

YES, THANKS  
FOR THE HAND,  
BOYS! FOR A  
MINUTE, I  
THOUGHT I WAS  
A GONER!



WHAT LUCK! IT'S THE RECORD--  
STILL UNDAMAGED! GET ME TO  
SHORE FAST, WILL YOU, BOYS! I  
HAVE AN IMPORTANT CALL TO  
MAKE!



SOMETIME LATER, IN THE  
RADIO STUDIO--

NO GENTLEMEN, IT WASN'T  
THE POLICE WHO ASKED YOU  
ALL TO GATHER HERE! IT  
WAS THE HANGMAN! HE KNEW  
YOU MIGHT NOT ALL COME  
UNLESS IT SOUNDED  
OFFICIAL!



THE HANGMAN ASKED ME TO PLAY THIS RECORD! HERB COOK'S LAST RECORD-- THE RECORD WHICH WILL EXPOSE HIS MURDERER!

THE FIRST HALF OF THE RECORD IS JUST COOK SINGING--UNTIL HE WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE KILLER! THE KILLER DIDN'T KNOW THE RECORD WAS GOING, UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE! I'LL PLAY THE LAST HALF!

P-- PUT DOWN THAT GUN! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME-- I SWEAR I WON'T TELL ANYBODY THAT YOU--YOU-- YOU-- YOU-- YOU--

HMM--THE RECORD SEEMS TO HAVE STUCK JUST AS IT WAS GOING TO TELL THE MURDERER'S NAME! BUT I'LL FIX THAT IN A MINUTE!

STOP! DON'T TOUCH THAT RECORD!

WH-- WHA---- THE GALLOWES!

YES, PHILLIPS, YOUR GALLOWES! I WAS IN THIS ROOM ALL THE TIME WAITING FOR THE MURDERER TO CRACK-- AND YOU DIED!

YOU WERE COOK'S MANAGER, PHILLIPS! WILL YOU CONFESS TO HIS MURDER OR SHALL I CONTINUE THE RECORD AND LET THE CORPSE ACCUSE YOU IN HIS OWN WORDS!

I'LL CONFESS! COOK DISCOVERED I HAD BEEN STEALING FUNDS FROM HIS ACCOUNT! HE SAID HE WAS THROUGH WITH ME AS HIS MANAGER AND THAT I HAD TO PAY BACK OR HE'D SEND ME TO PRISON! HE ALSO SAID I HAD TO BREAK MY ENGAGEMENT WITH HIS SISTER! I KNEW HE MEANT IT SO I KILLED HIM!

HANGMAN, SHALL I CONTINUE PLAYING THE RECORD?

DON'T BOTHER, THELMA! THERE ISN'T ANY MORE TO THE RECORD! IT ENDS RIGHT HERE!

YOU SEE, HERB COOK'S LAST WORDS GIVING THE MURDERER'S NAME WERE NEVER RECORDED. THE RECORD RAN OUT TOO SOON! IF HE DIDN'T HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE HE MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED JUSTICE! BUT HIS OWN CONSCIENCE WAS THE NOOSE THAT TRAPPED HIM!

AND SO LATER THAT EVENING, THE HANGMAN, ONCE AGAIN BOB DICKERING, ESCORTS THELMA HOME ---

NIGHT, THELMA! PLEASANT DREAMS!

BOB! NO! NO! DON'T GO! SOMEONE HAS BROKEN INTO THE APARTMENT! I'M SCARED!

GOOD HEAVENS! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING!

OOHHH!

HA, HA! WHAT A GAL YOU ARE! YOU GET UP TO YOUR EARS IN MURDER WITHOUT BATING AN EYELASH AND THEN YOU GO SISSY ABOUT A STRAY KITTEN!



# BLACKMAIL

## A SHIELD STORY

JOE HIGGINS paused under a streetlight to glance at his watch. Around him swirled a thick white fog. Suddenly a short, stocky man hurried up and thrust a package into his hands. Startled, Joe held the package for a moment as the little man scuttled up the street. Then he tore a corner of it and gasped. The package contained a bundle of hundred dollar bills. Joe started in pursuit of the mysterious stranger. A few minutes later he was surprised to see the man enter the town house of Roger Callway. "Well! This is interesting," thought Joe. "What on earth is Roger Callway doing handing out packages of money to strangers? It looks like blackmail to me." Swiftly his mind recalled certain facts about Callway. He had been prominent in government work until, suddenly and inexplicably, he had changed from a clear-thinking patriot to one of the country's most rabid isolationists. He maintained his isolationist

views even after Pearl Harbor, thus earning the dislike of most of his former friends.

As Joe rang the bell he wondered who could be blackmailing Callway, and for what reason. Callway answered the door himself. "Good evening, Mr. Callway. I believe you gave me this package by mistake."

Callway let out a gasp. "Mistake! You mean you weren't waiting for—" Instinctively he checked himself and said, "Er, I mean—what—er, package?"

"This package," said Joe grimly. "This package of hundred dollar bills."

"You must be mistaken," Callway exclaimed hastily. "I don't know anything about it. I haven't been out all night."

"You're lying," said Joe, sharply. "I know you've been out for your shoes are still wet. You're going to explain this money to me or to the police!"

"The police! No, no, don't

do that!" gasped Callway. "I'll tell you what I can. I'm being blackmailed and I've got to pay that money on the second day of every month. I don't know what will happen because I failed to do it tonight."

"Don't worry," Joe interrupted, "today happens to be the first. This may prove to be a lucky mistake for you. If you tell me the truth, and if anything can be done, I'll get my friend the Shield to help you."

Callway's face lit up. "The Shield! Do you think he—but no, even he can't help." Callway sighed wearily. "The worst of it is that after this payment I can't raise another cent. Maybe I'd better tell you about it. Come inside." In a tired voice Callway spoke. "Most people have forgotten that I had a young son. He was aboard the *Athenia* when it was torpedoed in '39. After months of hoping he might have been saved I gave him up for dead. Then one

day a stranger came and told me he had been picked up by a German submarine and was being held in a German concentration camp. If I wished him to remain alive he told me I had to pay ten thousand dollars a month for his upkeep, and also use my position to influence people of this country not to enter the war.

"I became furiously angry and threatened to go to the authorities but he laughed and said if I did, no one would believe me, and my son would be killed. It left me with no choice."

"H'm," said Joe, as Callway paused, "how do you know your son is alive?"

With shaking hands Callway held out several pictures. "These pictures. You see, I demanded proof at least every six months."

Joe examined the pictures thoughtfully and then asked if he might borrow one. As he prepared to leave he said, "make the payment as usual tomorrow night, and I'll see that the Shield is there. He'll find a way to help."

The next night the Shield crouched in a doorway. When he saw Callway make the pay-

ment he sprang out and overpowered the blackmailer. Hastily he went through the thug's pockets until he found an envelope in one pocket. Then he turned to Callway and handing him a gun he found in the Nazi agent's possession, he told him to guard him 'till a policeman came.

Callway turned on the Shield and spoke bitterly. "The police could have done this! Now my son will be killed."

"I can't explain," shouted the Shield as he sped away, "but I'll get your son."

\* \* \*

The next day the Shield arrived in a small town called Woodstock. His first stop was the postoffice where he asked the postmistress if she recognized the handwriting on the envelope taken from the blackmailer. "Why, yes," she exclaimed. "It's Bill Cramer's. He lives on the top of Ohayo Mountain."

A short time later the Shield approached the Cramer farm. A burley man came out and ordered him to leave. Then a second man carrying a shotgun appeared. Before he could raise it the Shield leaped upon him. There was a bitter strug-

gle as the men used every vicious trick they knew to disable him, but the Shield finally overpowered them. Then he burst into the house and after a hasty search found Donald Callway locked in a small basement room. After dragging the two captors of Donald to the sheriff's office, the Shield and the boy hurried back to the city.

At the sight of his son, Roger Callway nearly fainted. "But how did you know he wasn't in Germany, Shield?"

The Shield grinned. "The pictures gave me the clue. I wondered how they smuggled them in. Then I looked closely at the one Joe Higgins borrowed, and noticed something. I magnified the picture and found a typical American RFD box in the background. The envelope postmarked Woodstock that I took from the blackmailer's pocket furnished the right location. You see, Donald was picked up by a German Sub, but they landed him in America in the custody of these three Nazi agents. It was a lucky mistake that you made when you paid your blackmail money the wrong day! You have your son, and the government has three Nazi prisoners!"

# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the  
BOY  
SOLDIERS



**T**  
THE  
CONGA  
GOES TO WAR!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE CASTAWAYS ON AN ISLAND OF SAVAGE HEAD HUNTERS? YOU DON'T KNOW, EH? WELL, HERE'S A TIP! DO THE CONGA! NO WERE NOT CRAZY! THAT'S WHAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS DID-- AND IT SAVED THEIR LIVES!! YOU SEE IT HAPPENED THIS WAY-- WELL, SUPPOSE YOU READ THIS CRAZY ADVENTURE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!!

CALLING THE RUSSIAN PACIFIC FLEET-- TRY TO LOCATE SURVIVORS OF BRITISH TRANSPORT SUNK BY U-BOAT OFF THE SOLOMONS!

CHINA CALLING.... NO TRACE AS YET OF SURVIVORS OF BRITISH TRANSPORT... WILL KEEP SEARCHING!

AUSTRALIA CALLING.... WILL KEEP ON LOOKOUT FOR SURVIVORS.... AFRAID IT'S HOPELESS THOUGH!

AND IN ENGLAND--

WELL IT LOOKS BLACK FOR THE TRANSPORT, ALL RIGHT-- LUCKY THE REST OF THE CONVOY GOT AWAY!

BEASTLY LUCK! I'LL SHOW THESE REPORTS TO THE GENERAL!

.... AND AMONG THE THE MISSING, SIR, ARE CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS!

JOVE! THAT IS A BLOW! THEY WERE A PRICELESS TEAM!

IT'S RATHER A SLIM CHANCE-- BUT IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THAT IF THERE ARE ANY SURVIVORS STILL AFLOAT, THEY MAY HIT....

BARBACANAL

..... SOME UNCHARTED ISLAND THAT EXISTS IN THIS VICINITY-- RIGHT NEAR WHERE THEY SUNK!

NOW WE TAKE YOU BACK 48 HOURS--SOMEWHERE ON THE VAST PACIFIC....

WE GOT OFF THAT SHIP NONE TOO SOON... THERE SHE GOES--DOWN TO DAVEY JONES' LOCKER.

JOVE! THE REST OF THE CREW WASTED NO TIME GETTING AWAY FROM HERE--NOT A SIGN OF THEM AROUND!



THEY WEREN'T TAKING ANY CHANCE OF BEING SHELLED BY ANY SUB'S THAT MIGHT BE HANGING AROUND?

ANYWAY, WE GOT ONE OF DEM SUBS! BOY, IT SURE WUZ A BEEOOTIFUL SIGHT TO SEE DAT--BOAT GO DOWN!

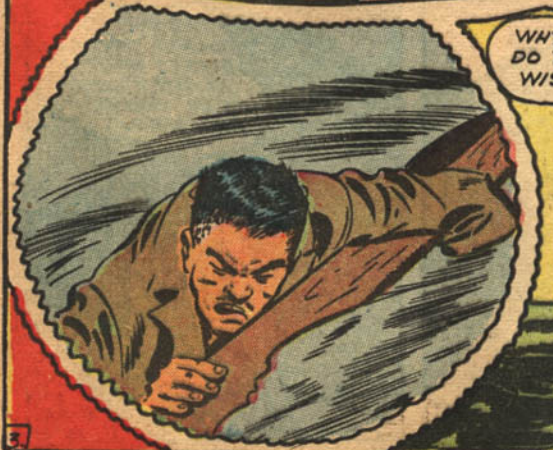



LOOK, FELLOWS-- SOMEONE FLOATING ON A LOG!




WHY, IT'S A JAP! DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE, CAPTAIN?

WE CAN'T LET HIM DROWN.... LEND A HAND LADS!







HAND ME THAT FIRST-AID KIT.... THAT'S A NASTY GASH HE HAS IN HIS HEAD!




HEY, CAP! LOOK AT THESE PAPERS I FOUND IN HIS POCKET!




WELL, I'LL BE--- HE'S THE CAPTAIN OF THE U-BOAT WE SANK!




HE IS? THROW 'IM OVERBOARD! LET HIM DROWN LIKE A RAT!




NO, FLATBUSH! WE'RE NOT THE SAME KIND OF JUNGLE BEASTS THESE KILLERS ARE!




HEY, CAP! MR. SUKI-YAKI HERE HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!



LOOK, SLANT-EYES, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT OUR LOCATION IS? WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO HELP!



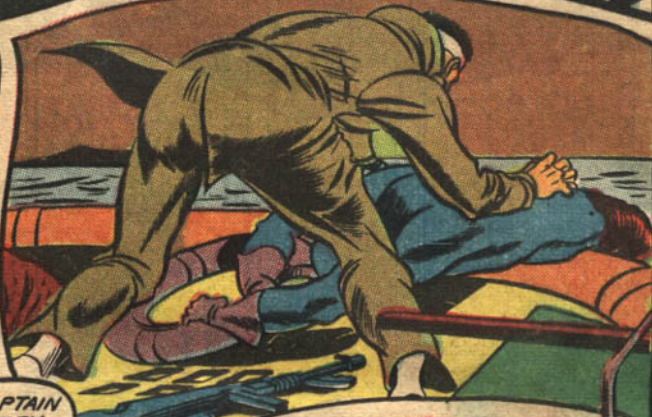
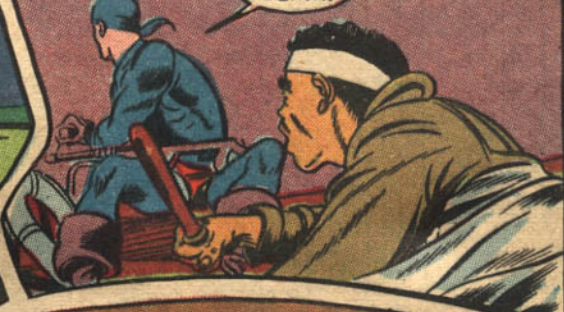
AW, YER WASTIN' YER TIME, CAP! HE JUST DON'T SAVVY OUR LINGO!



HMM... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU KIDS GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE... I'LL KEEP WATCH!

POOR LADS... THEY'RE EXHAUSTED... (YAWN)  
KINDA TIRED MYSELF- MUSTN'T SLEEP THOUGH-  
NOT WITH THIS JAP AS OUR GUEST!

SAY... WHAT'S THIS RUDDER  
WOBBLING FOR? I HOPE  
IT DOESN'T GO ON THE  
BLINK!



HONORABLE CAPTAIN  
IS BY NOW VERY  
MUCH ASLEEP  
IN THE DEEP!

NEXT MORNING...

HEY, WHAT IS  
THIS? WHERE'S  
CAP?



WHY YOU  
DIRTY RAT, YA  
KILLED THE  
CAPTAIN!



NOW THE REST OF YOU  
PLEASE TO PICK UP PADDLES  
AND PROCEED TO MOVE  
RUBBER BOAT IN SUCH  
DIRECTION AS I SHALL  
ORDER!



YES, YOU FOOLS! I KNOW  
JUST WHERE WE ARE! KEEP  
PADDLING OR I WILL HAVE THE  
PLEASURE OF KILLING  
YOU ALL!



AH... EXACTLY AS I EXPECTED... I SAW THIS ISLAND WHEN MY SUB ATTACKED YOUR BOAT!

NO, DON'T BOTHER TO GET OUT OF HONORABLE BOAT! YOU HAVE ALREADY SERVED MY PURPOSE, SO.....

YA.... YA.. WOULDN'T SHOOT US DOWN IN COLD BLOOD.... NOT AFTER WE SAVED YER LIFE?

HA, HA, HA, THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I INTEND TO DO WHITE PUPS!

NOW YOU D.... UGH!

UHP... FROM THE FRYIN' PAN INTO THE FIRE, FLATBUSH!

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME, BILLY, AND FROM THE LOOKS OF 'EM WE'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF IN THE FRYIN' PAN!

WELL, ANYWAY THEY KILLED THAT DIRTY JAP!

YEAH! DAT'S SUMPIN'!

WELL, HERE WE ARE! THAT IDOL MUST BE THEIR GOD!

YEAH- AND THOSE POTS OF HOT WATER AIN'T THERE TO KEEP HIM WARM!

PSST... BILLY! DAT DRUM... YER SPECIALTY, REMEMBER?

HOLY SMOKE! YOU MEAN... IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT... ANYWAY WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE!

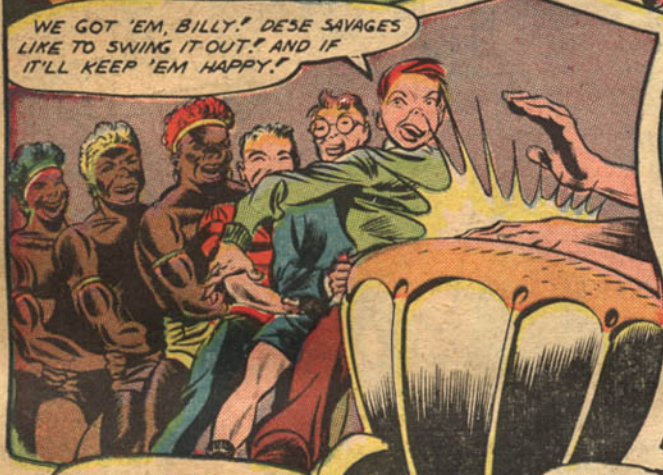




HEY, CONGA!  
LA CONGA!!



OH-HO! LA CONGA  
COME AN' DO THE CONGA  
♪ ♪ ♪ ♪



WE GOT 'EM, BILLY! DESE SAVAGES  
LIKE TO SWING IT OUT! AND IF  
IT'LL KEEP 'EM HAPPY!

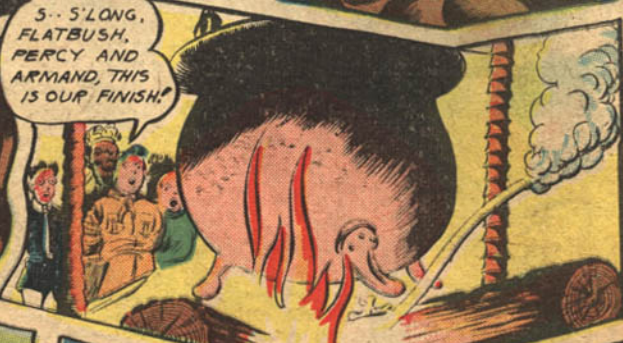


BWANA!  
MALU BWANA!



OH, OH, DAT GUY LOOKS  
LIKE THEIR MEDICINE  
MAN-- AND HE  
DON'T LIKE  
CONGAS!

KANGA!  
KANGA!



S... S'LONG,  
FLATBUSH,  
PERCY AND  
ARMAND, THIS  
IS OUR FINISH!




BUT BEFORE THE  
CANNIBALS PUT THE  
BOYS TO THEIR DEATH,  
THE HIGH PRIEST  
PERFORMS A RITUAL  
BEFORE THE IDOL!



... AND SUDDENLY TO THE  
AMAZEMENT OF THE NATIVES--  
THE IDOL SPEAKS!!

MUMBO!  
JUMBO!  
B. O.!




AM-SCRAY, YOU HEATHENS!  
GO GET YOURSELVES  
A BOX OF CRISPY  
CRUNCH IF YOU'VE  
GOTTA HAVE  
BREAKFAST!

D... DAT VOICE!  
IT... IT'S  
DE CAP'S  
BUT... BUT...  
HOW ...




WOW-- ARE  
DEY SCARED!  
LOOK AT  
DEM RUN!




THE MEDICINE MAN, BRAVER  
THAN THE OTHERS-- LOOKS  
BEHIND THE IDOL-- AND FINDS--

PEEK-A BOO!




MANYA!  
WAMBO KWANE!  
BINGO!!




GEE, CAP!  
HOW THE ---  
WHA---THE..  
WE THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
DEAD!

NEVER MIND  
THAT NOW ---  
WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF HERE!



THAT MEDICINE MAN  
YELLED LOUD ENOUGH TO BE  
HEARD IN MINNESOTA--  
THEY'LL BE ON OUR  
TAILS, SOON!



OH, OH!  
SOONER  
THAN I  
THOUGHT!

WHAT'LL  
WE DO NOW!  
WE'RE CORNERED!  
THERE'S NO PLACE  
TO RUN OR  
HIDE!

GO DOWN FIGHTING!-- WAIT A MINUTE! DO YOU BOYS HEAR ANYTHING STRANGE?

WHY YES! IT SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR! AN AIRPLANE MOTOR!

CUT OFF MY LEGS AN' CALL ME SHORTY! IT IS, CAP!

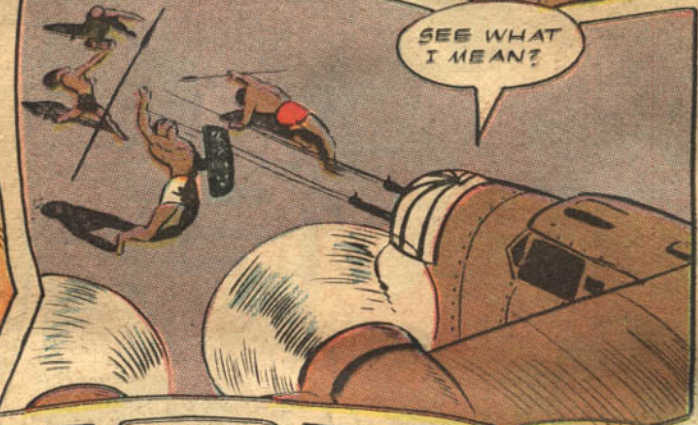
AN AMERICAN PLANE! WE'RE SAVED! IF ONLY THEY CAN SEE US!



ED! LOOK BELOW! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

I SURE DO, PAL! I GOT A DARNED GOOD EYE!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?



CAPTAIN COMMANDO, I PRESUME! YOU HAD FOUR COUNTRIES COMBING THE OCEANS FOR YOU! BOY ARE WE LUCKY!

YOU'RE LUCKY! AND WHAT DOES THAT MAKE US? DID YOU FIND ANY OTHER SURVIVORS?

EVERY ONE OF 'EM! NOT A MAN LOST! AND WHEN I RADIO BACK THAT I FOUND YOU, IT'LL MEAN A SURE PROMOTION FOR US!

BUT, CAP, HOW DID YOU GET ON THIS ISLAND?

EASY! THAT SUKI YAKI DIDN'T CATCH ME COMPLETELY NAPPING! THERE WAS A LIFE BELT NEARBY WHEN HE SLUGGED ME!



I GRABBED IT, FOLLOWED YOUR BOAT, AND HEAR I AM!

THE TROUBLE YOU GET IN! CAP, YOU'VE IS A REAL PROBLEM CHILD!

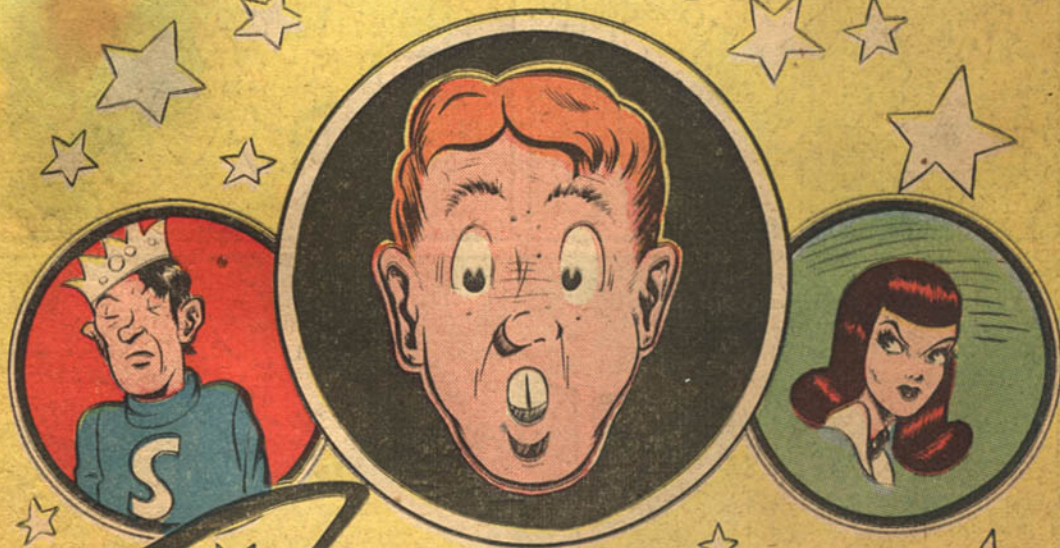


**A SMASHING  
SUCCESS!**

*The New*

**Archie**

*Comics*



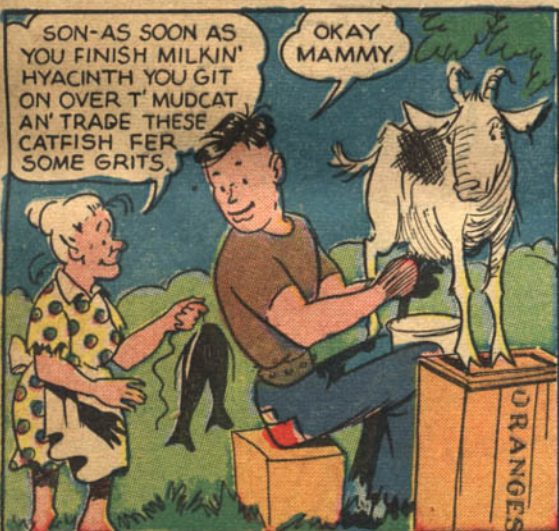
*The Worth of a Nation*

# Catfish Joe

By LARRY HARRIS



THE SHANTY BOAT HOME OF CATFISH JOE - MOORED IN A SHADY SPOT ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI JUST ACROSS THE LEVEE FROM THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF MUDCAT



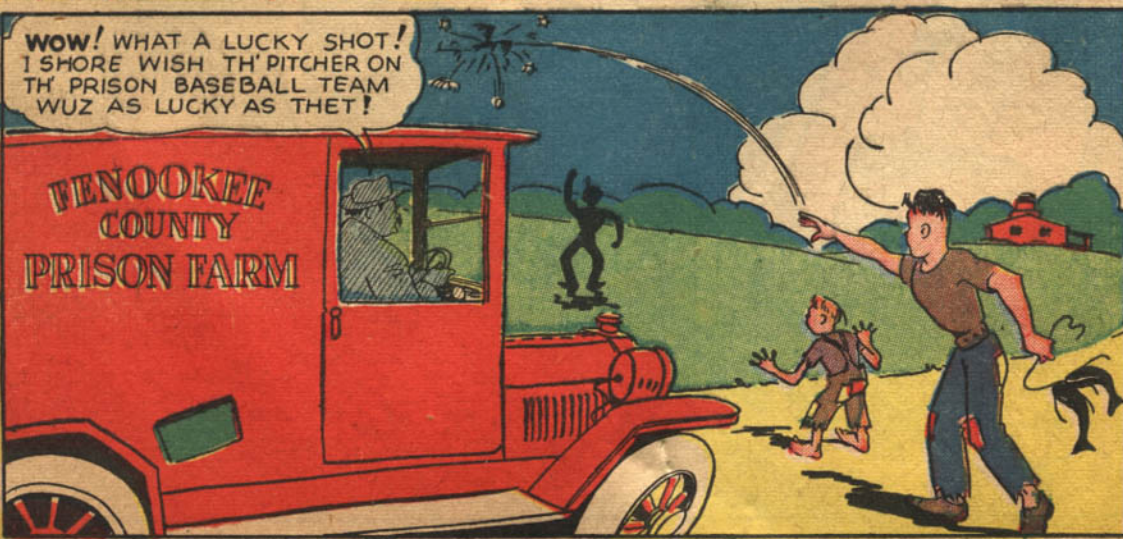
SON-AS SOON AS YOU FINISH MILKIN' HYACINTH YOU GIT ON OVER T' MUDCAT AN' TRADE THESE CATFISH FER SOME GRITS.

OKAY MAMMY.



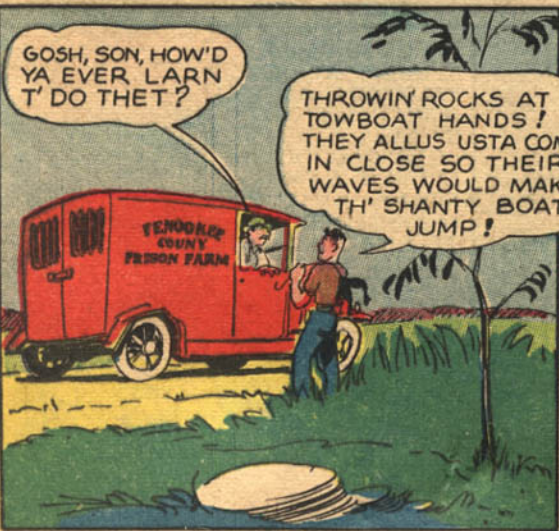
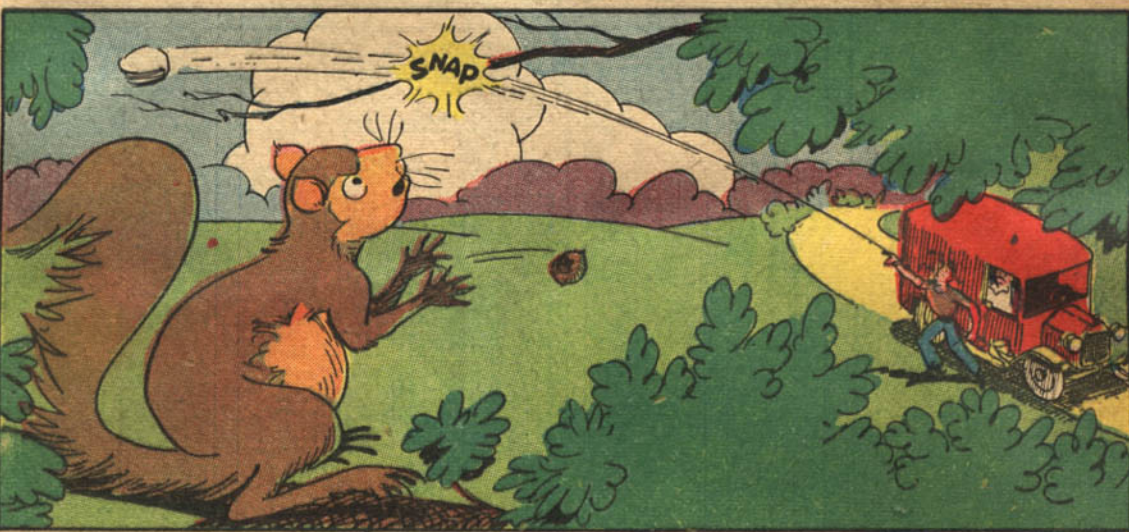
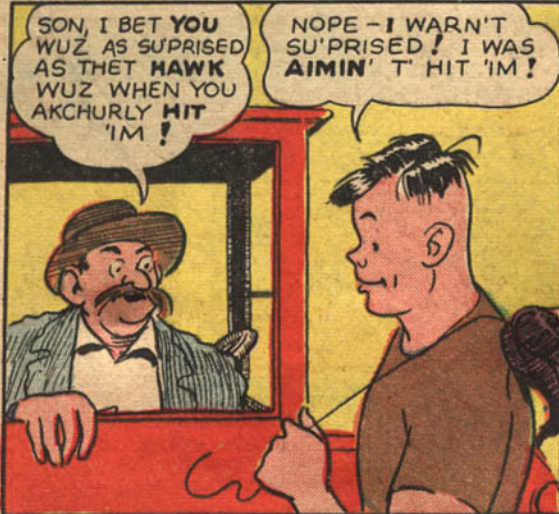
GOSH, JOE, THET BIG OL' HAWK GRABBED MY PAPPY'S TOUPEE AN' SKEDADDLED! I RECKON HE THOUGHT IT WAS A RABBIT!

REACH ME A ROCK, ALEX, I'LL FIX 'IM!



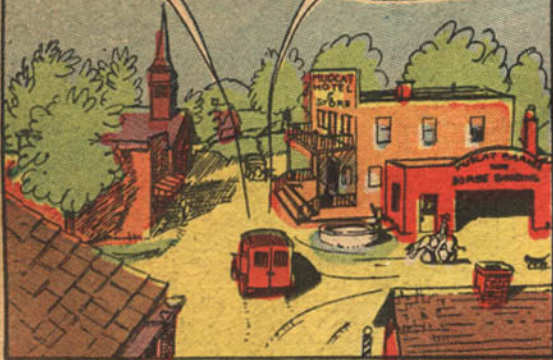
WOW! WHAT A LUCKY SHOT! I SHORE WISH TH' PITCHER ON TH' PRISON BASEBALL TEAM WUZ AS LUCKY AS THET!

FENOOKIE COUNTY PRISON FARM



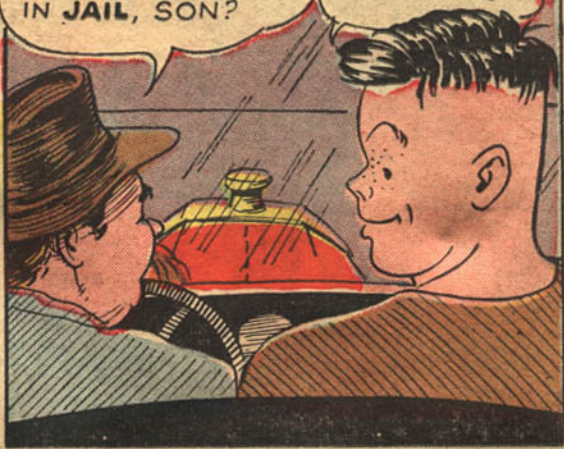
I 'SPECT  
YER TH' PITCHER  
ON TH' BASE-  
BALL TEAM  
'ROUND HERE?

NOPE--FELLERS  
ALL SAY IT SPOILS  
TH' FUN WHEN I  
PITCH ON ACCOUNTA  
NOBUDDY EVER HITS  
TH' BALL!



I KIN SEE HOW  
THEY MIGHT BE!---  
--- YOU EVER BEEN  
IN JAIL, SON?

HAINT' NEVER,  
AN' DON'T NEVER  
AIM T' BE!



AW, NOW--JAILS HAIN'T  
SO BAD! MIGHT BE  
YOU'D GIT T'LARN  
A TRADE!

MY TRADE'S  
KETCHIN' CATFISH  
AN' I **ALREADY**  
LARNED ALL  
ABOUT IT!

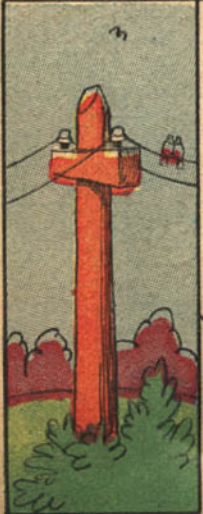


WELL IF YA 'EVER FIGGER T' DO ANY  
LAW BREAKIN' YOU GIVE **MY** JAIL  
FIRST CHANCE WILL YA, SON?

THANKS FER  
TH' INVITE BUT  
DON'T COUNT  
ON IT!



I TELL YA, SHERRIF,  
WE COULD CLEAN UP  
A FORTUNE BETTIN'  
ON TH' TEAM EF WE  
HAD **HIM** ON IT--- BUT  
HE CAINT PLAY  
LESSEN HE'S A  
PRISONER IN TH'  
JAIL!

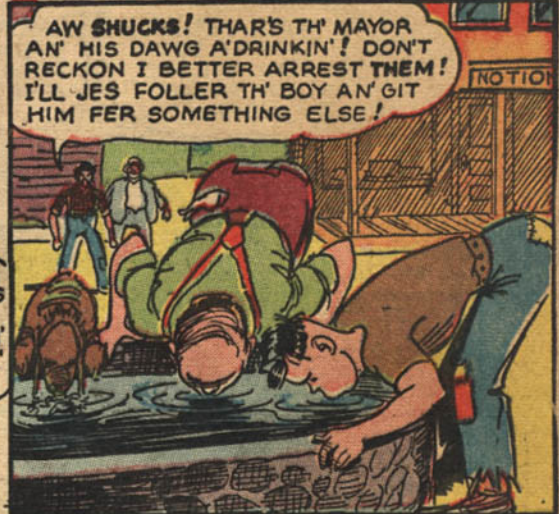


I'LL COME OVER  
THAR T' MUDCAT,  
WARDEN, AN' YOU  
POINT 'IM OUT  
T' ME. THEY'S  
LOTS O' FOOLISH  
LITTLE LAWS  
FOLKS AINT  
NEVER HEERD  
TELL OF AN' I'LL  
FOLLER 'IM 'TILL  
I KETCH 'IM  
BREAKIN'  
ONE O' THEM!



THAR HE IS, SHERRIF - THET BIG FELLER JES' FIXIN' T' DRINK OUTTEN TH' HORSE TROUGH!

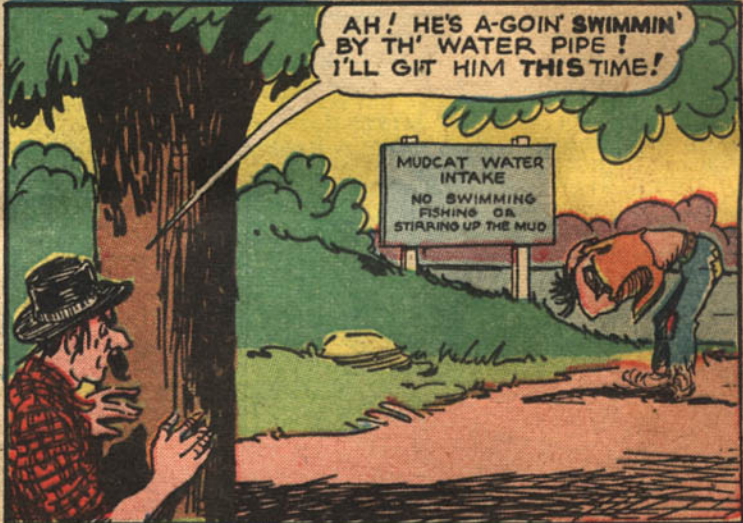
OH, OH! I'LL GIT HIM RIGHT OFF! THEY'S A LAW AGIN' ANY CRITTERS 'CEPTIN' HORSES DRINKIN' OUTTEN THET TROUGH!



AW SHUCKS! THAR'S TH' MAYOR AN' HIS DAWG A'DRINKIN'! DON'T RECKON I BETTER ARREST THEM! I'LL JES FOLLER TH' BOY AN' GIT HIM FER SOMETHING ELSE!



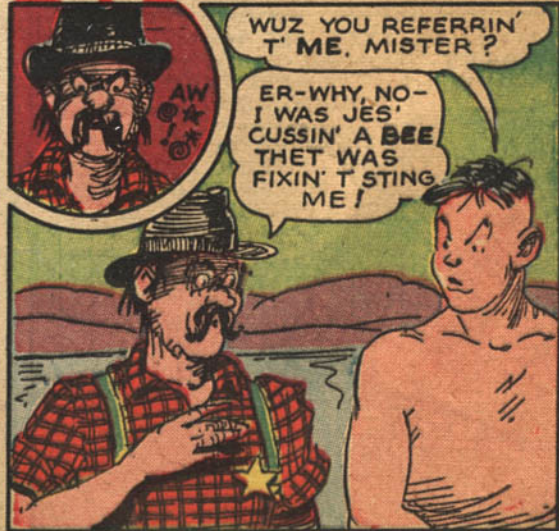
LOOKS LIKE HE'S A-HEADIN' BACK TO TH' RIVER.



AH! HE'S A-GOIN' SWIMMIN' BY TH' WATER PIPE! I'LL GIT HIM THIS TIME!



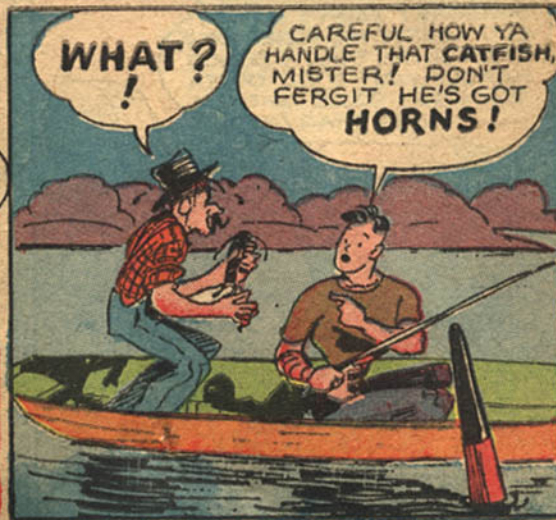
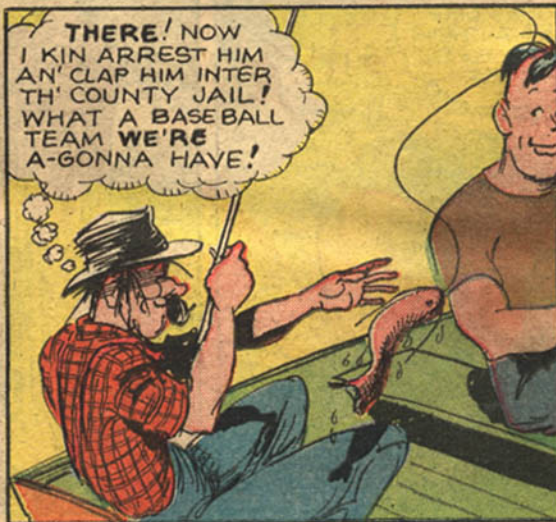
DAWGONE! PAPPY'S GOTTA QUIT KEEPIN' HIS FISH HOOKS IN MY SHIRT TAIL! I COULD HARDLY WAIT T' GIT OUTTA TOWN SO I COULD TAKE 'EM OUTTA THAR!

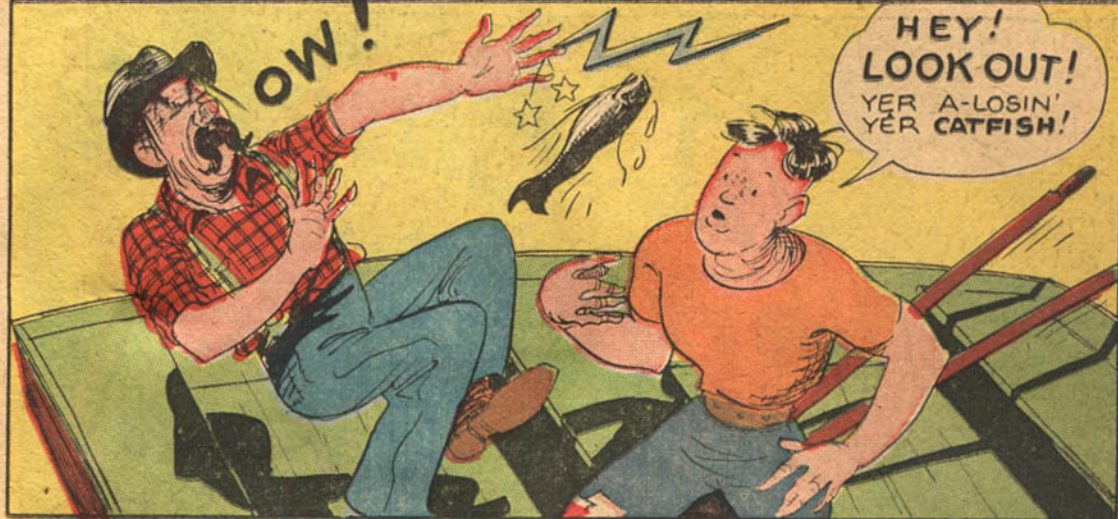


WUZ YOU REFERRIN' T' ME, MISTER?

ER-WHY, NO - I WAS JES' CUSSIN' A BEE THET WAS FIXIN' T' STING ME!







OW!

HEY!  
LOOK OUT!  
YER A-LOSIN'  
YER CATFISH!



CAREFUL, MISTER, YER A-CRACKIN' THAT CHANNEL MARKER! NOW I RECKON I GOTTA ARREST YOU!

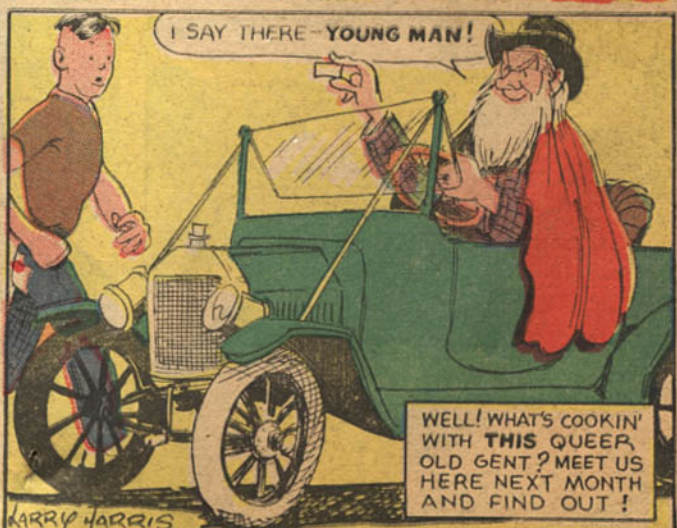
BOY, STOP YER CRAZY TALKIN' AN' COME GIT ME OUTTA HERE!



I WARN'T A-TALKIN' CRAZY MISTER! A GOV'MENT MAN GIMME THIS BADGE AN' SAID IF I SEED ANYBUDDY A-MESSIN' ROUND A CHANNEL MARKER I SHOULD ARREST 'EM AN' TAKE 'EM IN TO TH' U.S. MARSHAL!



NO, WARDEN, I DIDN'T GIT HIM — HE GOT ME! AN' YOU BETTER GIT ON OVER HERE AN' BAIL ME OUT-- AN' BRING ALONG A DOCTOR AN' SOME DRY CLOTHES!

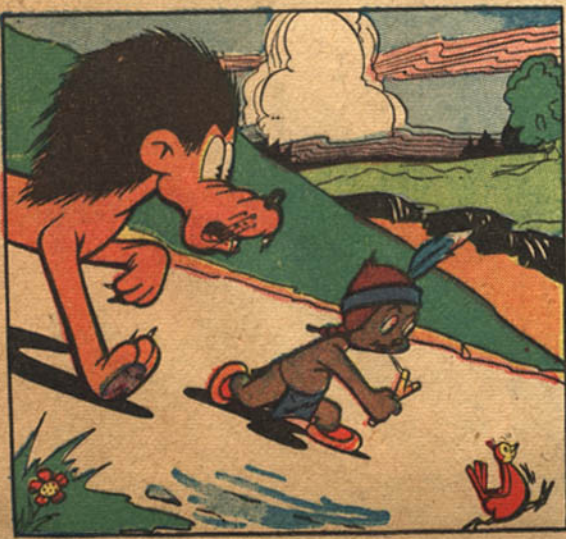


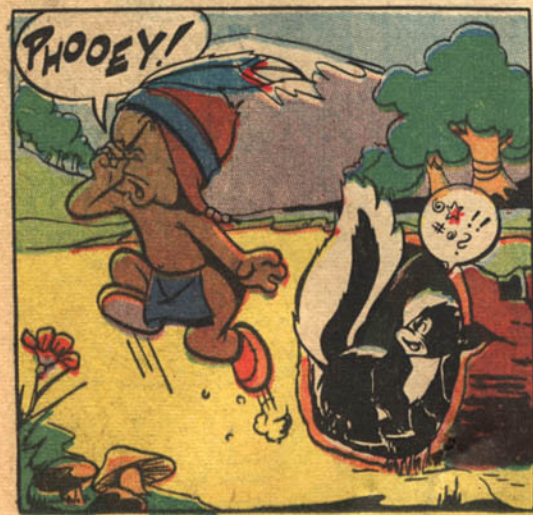
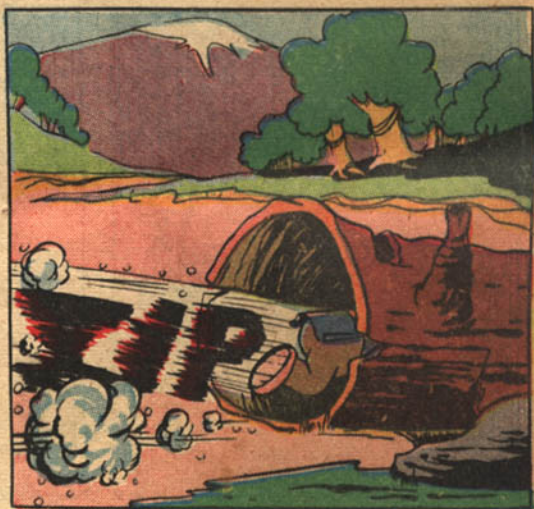
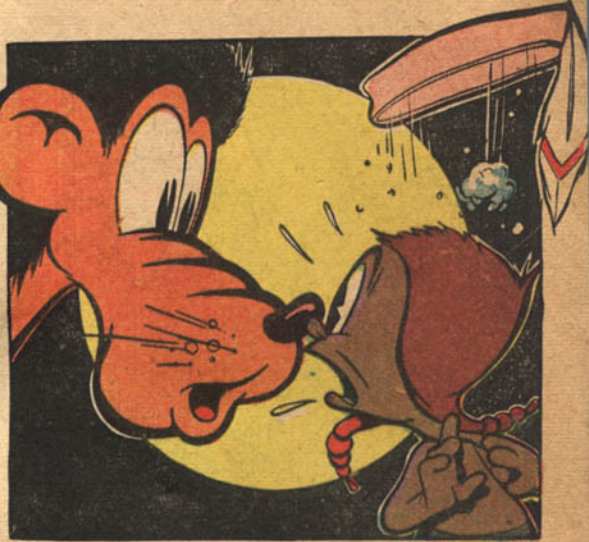
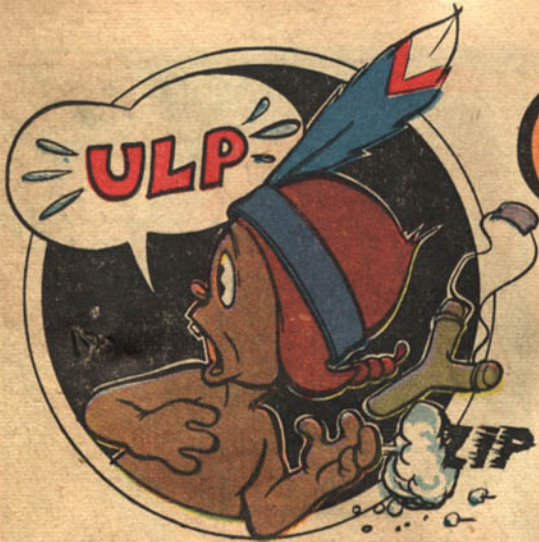
I SAY THERE—YOUNG MAN!

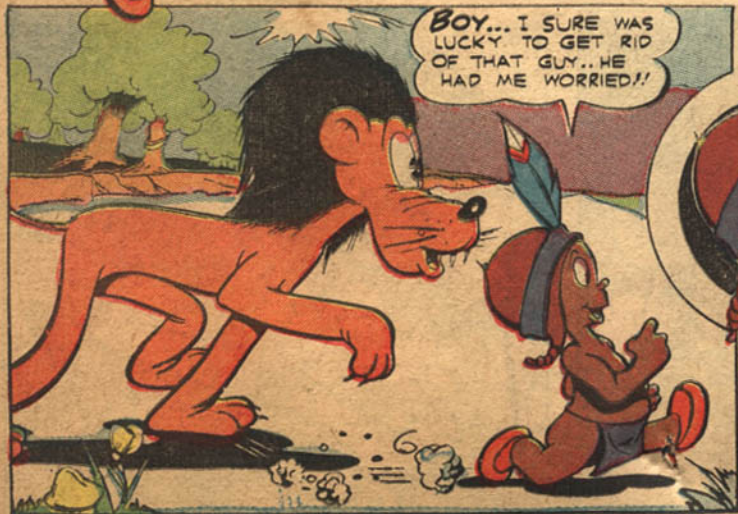
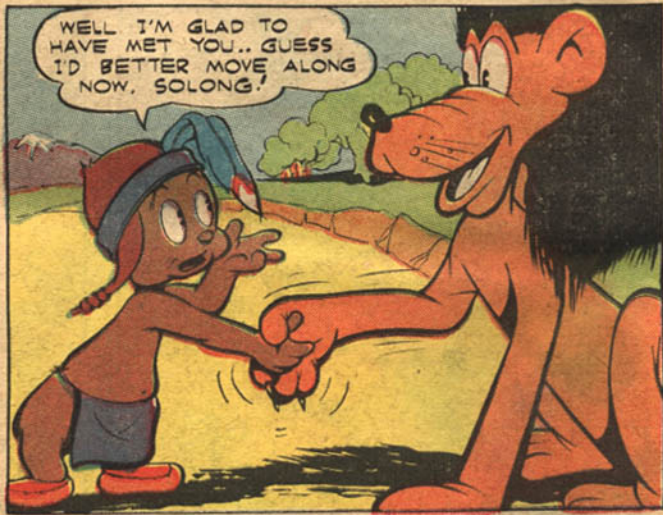
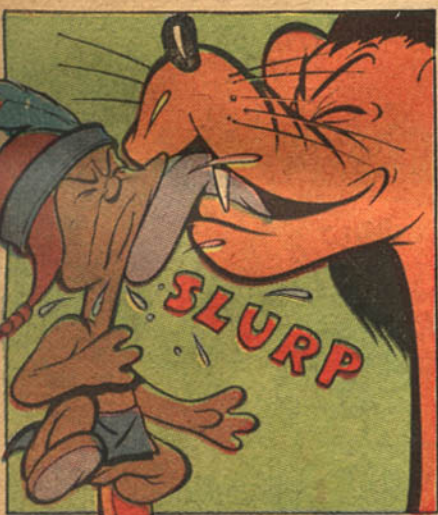
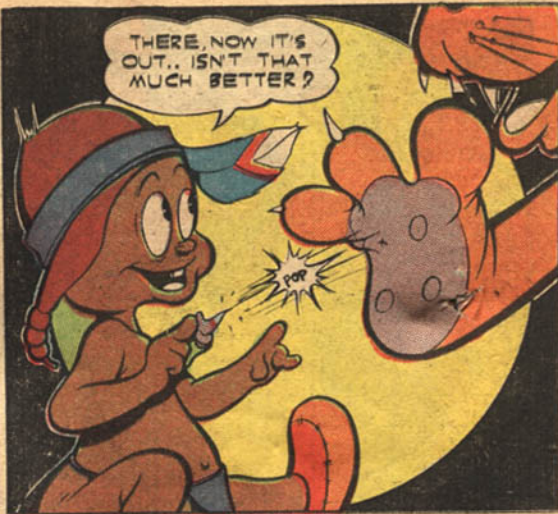
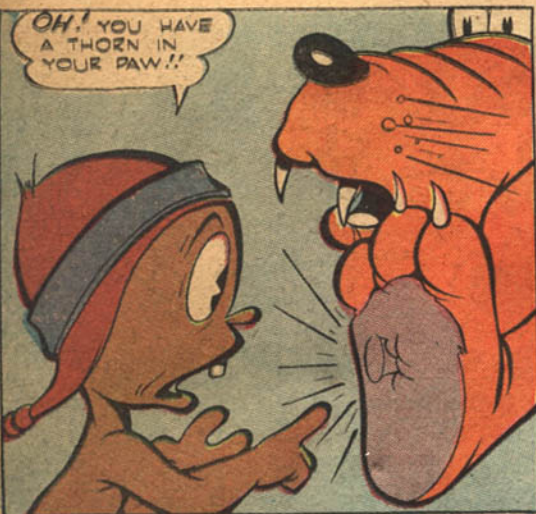
WELL! WHAT'S COOKIN' WITH THIS QUEER, OLD GENT? MEET US HERE NEXT MONTH AND FIND OUT!

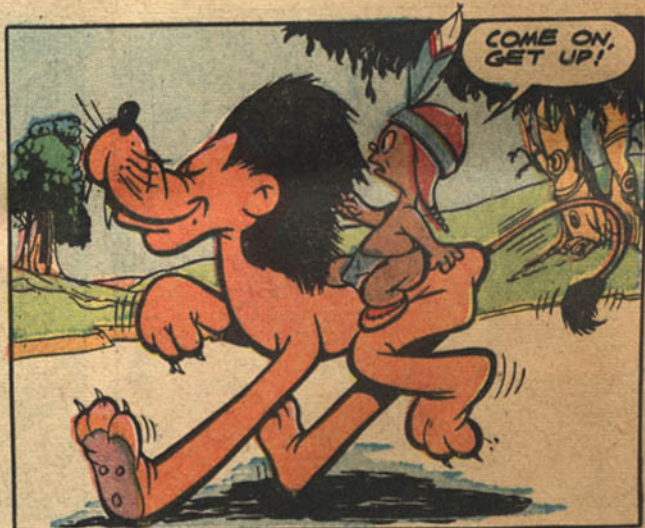
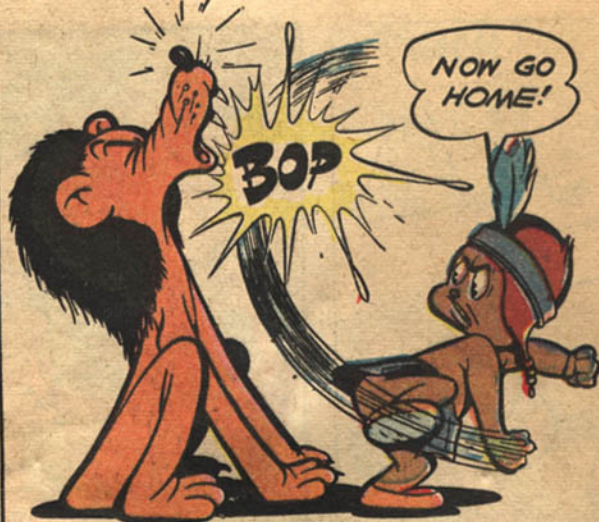
HARRY HARRIS

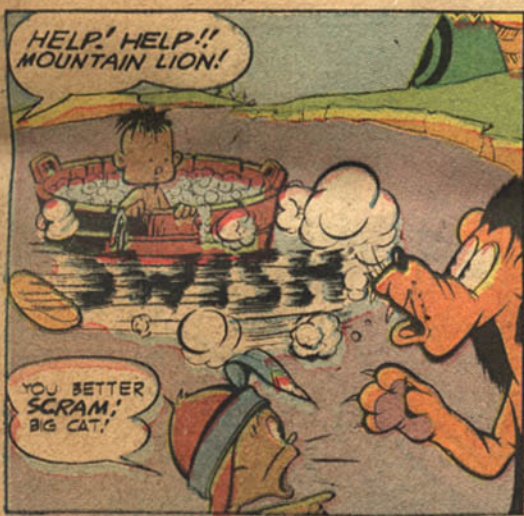
# Tail Chief BUGABOO

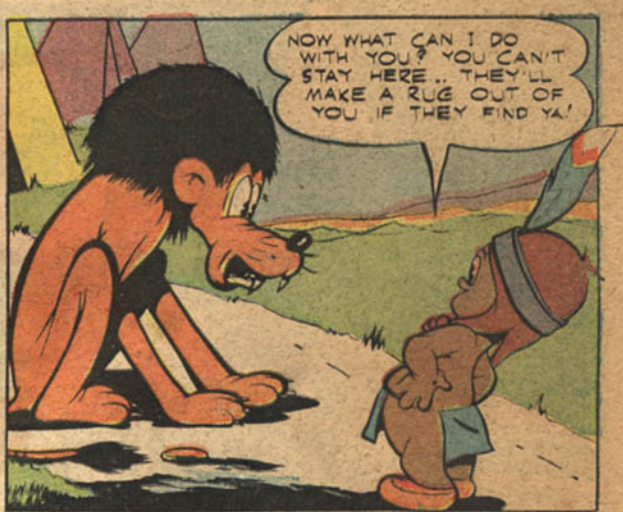








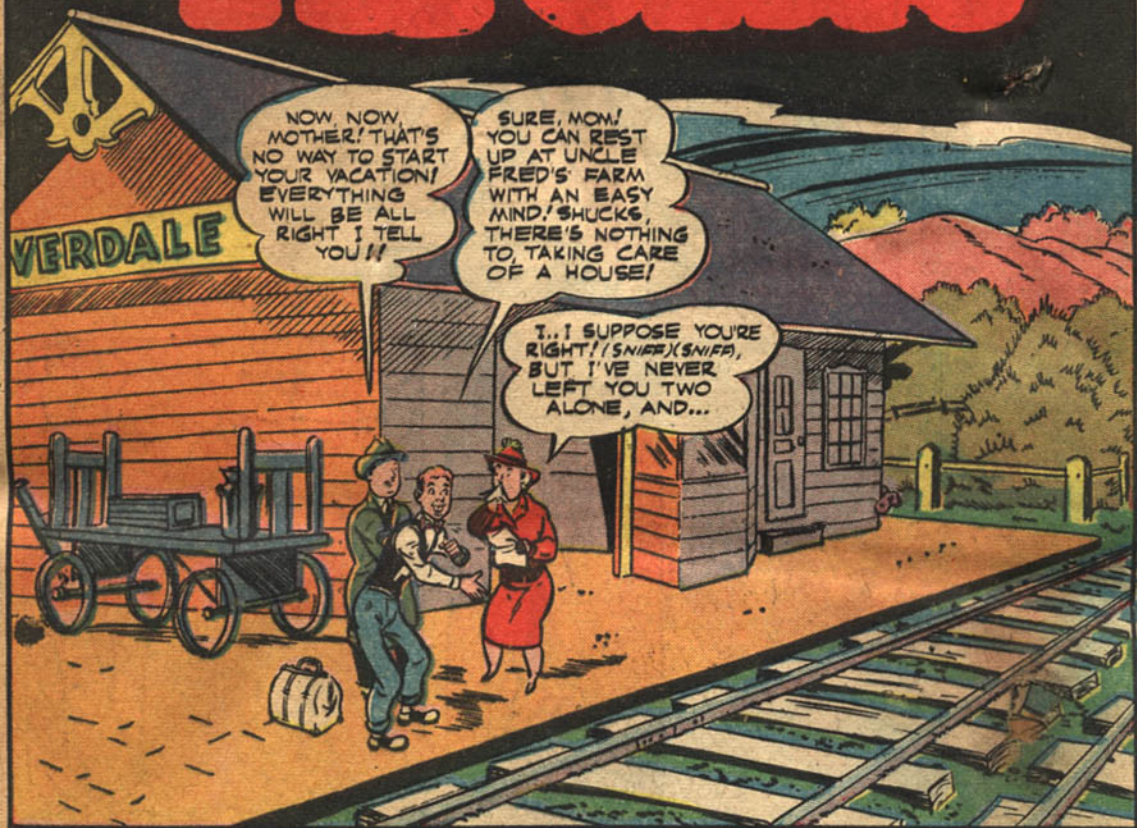


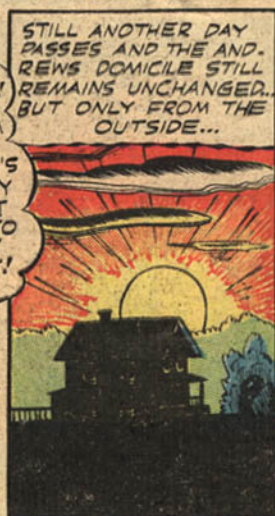
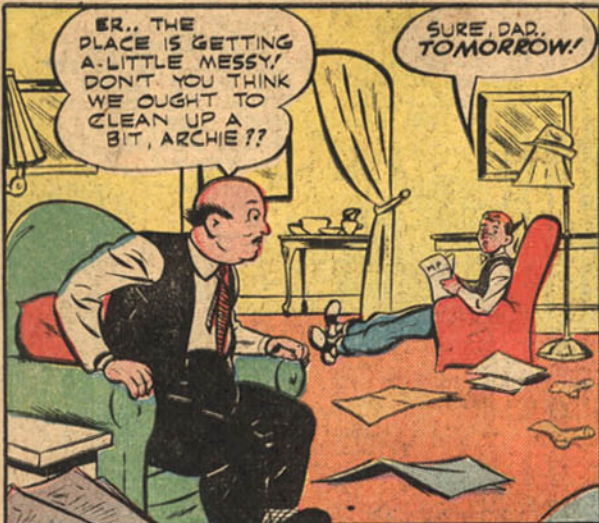


**WELL...** DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A LION, THAT HAD TO ACT LIKE A DOG? WILL THE INDIANS BE FOOLED?? FOLLOW A FURTHER ADVENTURE WITH FIDO, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!!



# Archie







SERVES YOU RIGHT! I TOLD YOU A WEEK AGO TO STRAIGHTEN THIS CLOSET OUT!

WE'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW, DAD!



BUT DAD, WE CAN'T LEAVE ALL THIS JUNK PILED HERE IN THE HALL!

ONLY UNTIL I CLEAN SOME JUNK OUT OF THE ATTIC AND MAKE SOME ROOM.. NOBODY EVER USES THAT BACK DOOR ANYWAY!!



WELL, I'LL MAKE SOME GRIDDLE CAKES, WHILE DAD IS CLEANING THE ATTIC!!



HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS? (THUMP) Ooo MY LEG!

SHORT CIRCUIT! MUST HAVE BLOWN A FUSE, DAD!!



WELL, THE SUN'LL BE UP SOON, ANYHOW.. AN' THIS CANDLE WILL GIVE US ENOUGH LIGHT MEANWHILE!

JUST WHAT IS THAT MESS YOU'RE MAKING?



GRIDDLE CAKES! HOW DO THEY TASTE, DAD??

NOT BAD, IF I DRINK MY COFFEE FAST... FIRST TIME I'VE EVER HAD BREAKFAST BY CANDLELIGHT!



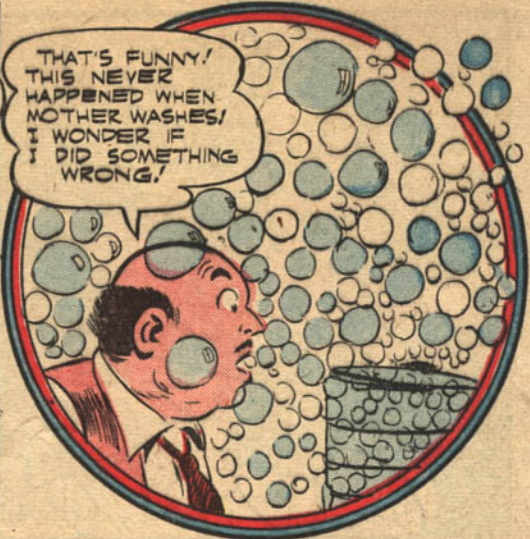
LATER..

WELL, MIGHT AS WELL REALLY GET THIS HOUSE STRAIGHTENED OUT.. ONCE AND FOR ALL!

OKAY, DAD! YOU DO IT! I'LL PREPARE THE LUNCH!



FIRST I'LL DO SOME WASHING. WOMEN DON'T KNOW WHAT A SNAP THEY HAVE JUST TAKING CARE OF THE HOUSE!!



THAT'S FUNNY! THIS NEVER HAPPENED WHEN MOTHER WASHES! I WONDER IF I DID SOMETHING WRONG!



MEANWHILE..

THERE!.. THAT DOES IT! NOW I'LL JUST PUT IT IN THE POT, AND LET IT COOK!



AND WHILE I'M WAITIN' FOR THE STEW TO GET DONE, MIGHT AS WELL PRESS DAD'S PANTS!



CRASH

BONK

WHAT'S THAT! SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE BACK YARD!



WHAT HAPPENED ???

I.. TRIPPED !!!



HERE, YOU BETTER TAKE IT EASY, FOR A WHILE, DAD!

Ooo.. MY BACK! CONFOUND THAT WASH LINE! WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE IN SUCH AN INCONVENIENT PLACE??



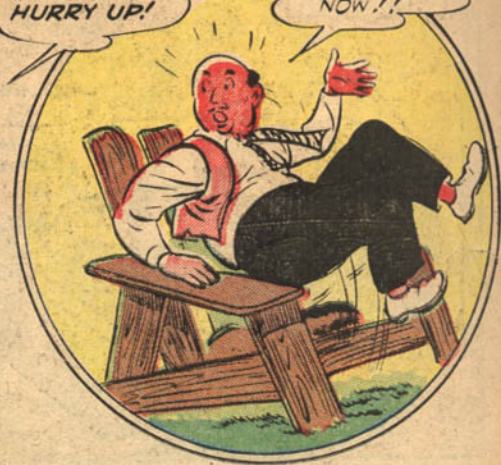
I BETTER GET BACK AND FINISH UP!!



**YIPE!**  
I LEFT THE IRON ON THE PANTS!

**DAD! COME IN HERE!! HURRY UP!**

**GOOD LORD! WHAT HAPPENED NOW!!**



I'LL USE THE BACK DOOR! IT'S QUICKER, AND...



I KNEW YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THIS STUFF PILED IN FRONT OF THE DOOR!



**GLOOM** **DITTO!**



COURSE, I WANT MOM TO HAVE A NICE VACATION... BUT I WONDER WHEN SHE IS COMING HOME!



OPERATOR... WHY CAN'T YOU GET THE ANDREWS RESIDENCE? WHAT?... THE PHONE'S OUT OF ORDER??

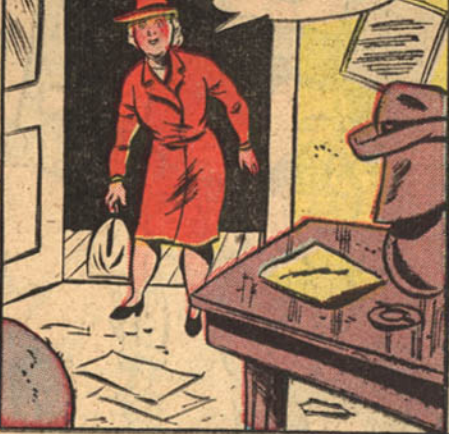
AND HERE'S THE REASON THE ANDREWS' PHONE IS "OUT OF ORDER!"



(SNIFF, SNIFF) I SUPPOSE I AM FOOLISH WORRYING SO, NOTHING POSSIBLY COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM!!



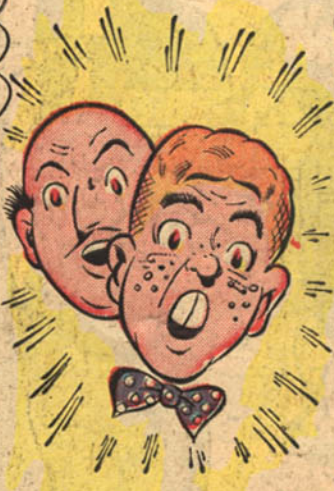
GOOD GRIEF! A CYCLONE MUST HAVE STRUCK THIS PLACE!



NEXT MORNING!!

WELL, MIGHT AS WELL HAVE OUR BREAKFAST!

MAYBE WE OUGHTA EAT OUT THIS MORNING, DAD!

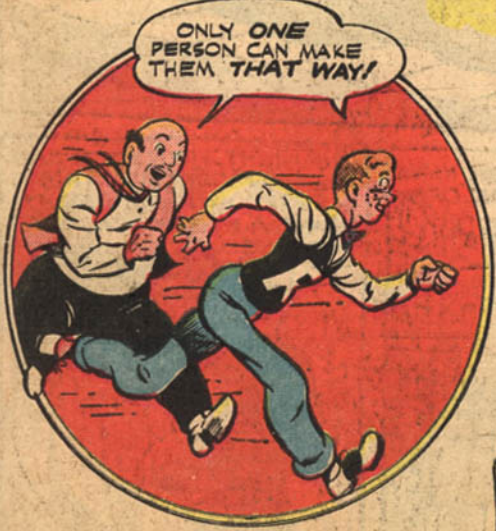


CLEAN KITCHEN... BREAKFAST PREPARED!

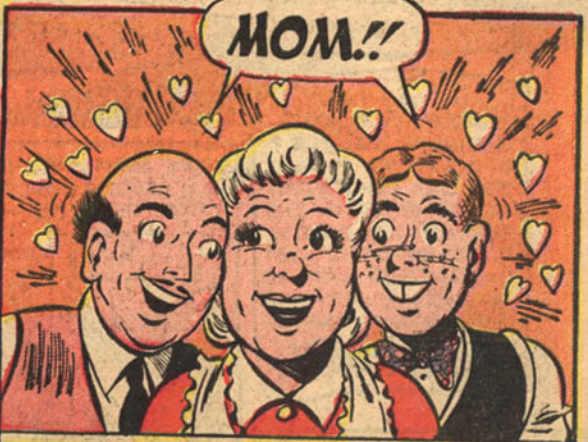
YUM, YUM... JUST SMELL THOSE FLAPJACKS, AN' COFFEE!



ONLY ONE PERSON CAN MAKE THEM THAT WAY!



MOM!!



THE NEW ARCHIE COMICS IS OUT NOW! ARCHIE III, A COMPLETE BOOK OF ARCHIE STORIES! GET YOURS NOW... ARCHIE... THE MIRTH OF A NATION!...

# BENTLEY

of  
SCOTLAND  
YARD



**W**HAT WAS THE MYSTERY INVOLVING THE INNER TEMPLE? WHO WAS THE PHANTOM LIKE FIGURE CALLED THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX? COME WITH BENTLEY ON HIS MOST DANGEROUS CASE, AS HE UNRAVELS THE ADVENTURE OF THE INNER TEMPLE!

**W**E BEGIN OUR TALE WITH BENTLEY AND HIS COLLEAGUE THE SCOTLAND YARD COMMISSIONER VISITING THE LONDON MUSEUM!

I SAY, BENTLEY, I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE A COLLECTOR OF RARE ITEMS!

DONATED BY  
J. BENTLEY

WELL IT'S QUITE A STORY!



ONE NIGHT A FEW YEARS BACK I WAS IN MY ROOM AT A HOTEL IN EGYPT, WHEN SUDDENLY I HEARD A HYSTERICAL VOICE SHOUTING...





THE CURSE OF THE SPHINX IS UPON US FOR TRESPASSING AND INVADING THE INNER TEMPLE! WE SHALL ALL DIE! HA, HA, HA!



DON'T BE SILLY, RIDGELY! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION!

BUT I SAW THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX! I'M LEAVING BEFORE IT GETS ME!

HASKINS AND LEWIS ARE RIGHT, RIDGELY!



THE NEXT DAY THE ENTIRE HOTEL WAS AGOG WITH THE NEWS THAT THE HYSTERICAL MAN, RIDGELY, HAD COMMITTED SUICIDE! HIS CLOTHES WERE FOUND NEAR THE RIVER! HE PROBABLY HAD BEEN EATEN BY THE CROCODILES ---



I DECIDED TO SPEAK TO RIDGELY'S COMPANIONS FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY, AND THEY TOLD ME--

NO! INSPECTOR! RIDGELY'S DEATH WAS CAUSED BY AN OVER-WORKED IMAGINATION, NOTHING ELSE!



THE NEXT MORNING I WENT OVER TO THE SPHINX, WHERE I MET AN EXCITED NATIVE--

WHAT IS IT?

I BEG YOU EFFENDI, COME WITH ME! THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX HAS AWAKENED!



LOOK, EFFENDI, LOOK!



WHY, IT'S A MUMMY! WAIT A MINUTE, IT'S BLEEDING! HELP ME UNWRAP THE BANDAGES!



GOOD LORD! A CORPSE, WRAPPED IN MUMMY BANDAGES!



I IMMEDIATELY WENT TO QUESTION HASKINS' AND LEWIS--



RIDGELY SCREAMED ABOUT A CURSE JUST BEFORE HE DIED! WHAT DID HE MEAN?

HE REALLY BELIEVED THE MYTH THAT ALL WHO VIOLATE THE TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX ARE DOOMED! JUST NONSENSE!

PERHAPS! BUT IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THE LEGEND SEEMS TO HAVE CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM-- EDWIN MEECHAM, AN ARCHEOLOGIST!

GOOD LORD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! YOU DON'T THINK-- BUT I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!



LATER--

YOU'VE CALLED THE NATIVE POLICE, EH INSPECTOR?

YES, LEWIS! I MAY NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN GET! BY THE WAY WHERE IS HASKINS? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND FOR AWHILE!



THEN SUDDENLY FROM THE HEAD OF THE SPHINX---



LOOK!



WONDER WHO IT IS!



IT'S HASKINS!



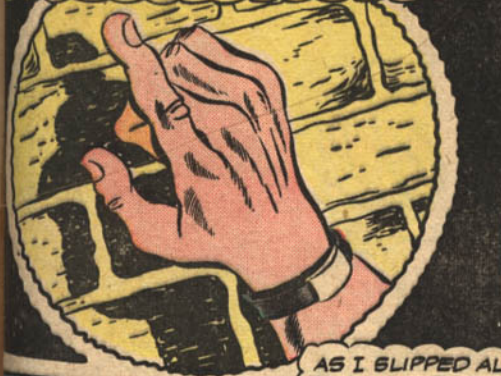
I'M CONVINCED NOW THAT THE CURSE IS REAL! YES WE DISCOVERED A SECRET ROOM IN THE HEAD OF THE SPHINX! IT'S FILLED WITH A TREASURE! WE KEPT IT A SECRET! BUT I'D RATHER LIVE THAN BE RICH!



I PERSUADED LEWIS TO LEAD ME TO THE SECRET TREASURE ROOM!

LEWIS PRESSED A CERTAIN STONE IN THE SIDE OF THE STAIRWAY, AND THEN ----

--A HINGED DOOR SLID SILENTLY OPEN FROM AN APPARENT SOLID STONE WALL!



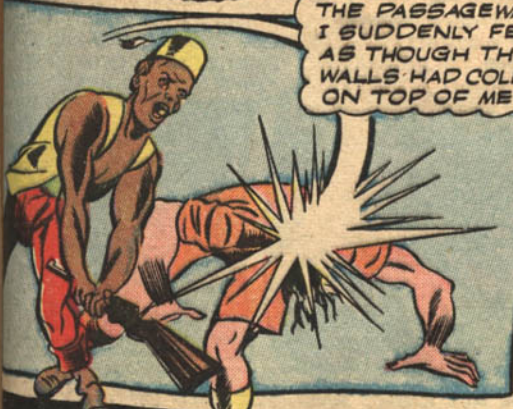
COMING WITH ME, LEWIS?

NO, BENTLEY, THE INNER TEMPLE, DOOR IS DOWN THIS CORRIDOR!



AS I SLIPPED ALONG THE PASSAGEWAY, I SUDDENLY FELT AS THOUGH THE WALLS HAD COLLAPSED ON TOP OF ME ---

WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I WAS LED TO A LARGE ROOM, THE INNER TEMPLE, AND THEN I WAS ADDRESSED BY A MAN WHO WAS SEATED ---



A DEFILER, COME WE WILL SEE IF HE IS TO BE SACRIFICED LIKE THE OTHERS WERE!



YES, YOU WILL DIE, BY BEING THROWN FROM THE MOUTH OF THE SPHINX!

IF OUR LITTLE GODDESS SPEAKS, YOU WILL LIVE! IF SHE REMAINS SILENT, YOU DIE!



WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED! DO YOU THINK THE SPHINX SPOKE? AND WHO WAS THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE BAND OF MEN IN THE SPHINX?

SO THAT'S HOW THE OTHERS WERE KILLED!



THERE WAS A LONG DRAWN OUT HUSH AS WE GAZED AT THE MINIATURE SPHINX, THEN--

FOOLS! IT IS ONLY A TRICK! GET HIM! KILL HIM QUICKLY!

BENTLEY MUST NOT DIE! THE TRUE DEFILER IS THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX! HE IS AN IMPOSTER! HIS NAME IS RIDGELY!



THAT WAS A MISTAKE, RIDGELY! THROWING THIS IDOL AT ME!

WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME? KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

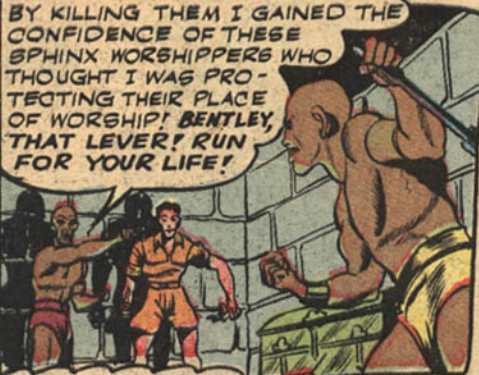
YOU THREW THE SACRED IDOL! YOU SHALL DIE!

BENTLEY! DON'T LET THEM KILL ME! YES - IT'S ME RIDGELY! I KILLED THE OTHERS SO THAT NO ONE WOULD SHARE THE TREASURE WITH ME!



BY KILLING THEM I GAINED THE CONFIDENCE OF THESE SPHINX WORSHIPPERS WHO THOUGHT I WAS PROTECTING THEIR PLACE OF WORSHIP! BENTLEY, THAT LEVER! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

"I RAN ALL RIGHT AND GOT OUT OF THAT ROOM JUST BEFORE THE ENTIRE ROOF TOPPLED DOWN! RIDGELY WASN'T FAST ENOUGH-----"



"I DIDN'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL I WAS WELL OUT OF THAT PLACE! I MUST CONFESS, I WAS TERRIFIED!"

DID YOU EVER FIND OUT HOW THE MOUTH OF THE SPHINX OPENED! DID IT REALLY SPEAK? AND WHAT OF THE SECRET ROOM?

THE SECRET ROOM WAS FOREVER LOST, AND WITH IT WENT THE SECRET OF HOW THE SPHINX'S MOUTH DID OPEN! AS FOR THE IDOL SPEAKING! WELL I WAS QUITE A VENTRILOQUIST IN MY YOUNGER DAYS!



# Get this JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT • READ **FREE** OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive **FREE** with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

## BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play... **BUT** you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren-like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you... you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit... and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive **FREE** of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.

### Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden... but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

### SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit \$1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

KAY NOVELTY CO. Dept. 2005  
535 FIFTH AVE., New York, N. Y.

## RUSH COUPON NOW!



**GUARANTEE**—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

### ALL OF THIS INCLUDED



This Carrying Case  
**FREE WITH YOUR ORDER**



### AIR RAID SHELTER

**KAY NOVELTY CO.**  
Dept. 2005, 535 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N. Y.

Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost I will pay postman \$1.69, plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price.

Name

Street

City  State

**NOTE:** Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

“I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS

“I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY

“WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME

“THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING

“JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!

“YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

**ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS**

UGLY  
BLACKHEADS  
USE  
VACUTEX



THEY'RE  
OUT!



**RUSH  
COUPON**

**Send No  
MONEY**

BALCO PRODS. CO., Dept. 6207 516 5th AVE., N.Y., N.Y.

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 6207  
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
- I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....